ARCADIA.

A FRAGMENT.

PREAMBLE TO ARCADIA.

WHEN I first proposed to myself to trace the plan of a happy society, I considered in what situation on the surface of the globe I should place it, and chose for that purpose the centre of South America, the rich and desert shores of the river of Amazons.

I transported myself, in imagination, to the recesses of their vast forests; I there built forts, cleared the land, and covered it with abundant harvests and with orchards stocked with every species of fruit-trees unknown in Europe. I offered an asylum there to men of all the nations among which I had known unhappy individuals. There were Dutchmen and Swiss without lands in their native country, and Russians destitute of the means of establishing themselves in their vast solitudes; Englishmen weary of the convulsions of their popular liberty, and Italians of the lethargy of their aristocratic government; Prussians of their military despotism, and Poles of their republican anarchy; Spaniards of the intolerance of their opinions, and Frenchmen of the inconstancy of theirs; knights of Malta and Algerines; peasants of Bohemia, Poland, Russia, Franche Comté, Lower

Brittany, who had escaped from the tyranny of their own countrymen, negro slaves who had fled from our barbarian colonies; protectors and protected of all nations; courtiers, lawyers, men of letters, soldiers, merchants, financiers, all the unfortunate, tormented with the maladies of European, African, and Asiatic opinions, all mutually striving to oppress each other, and reacting one upon the other by means of violence, artifice, impiety, or superstition. They abjured the national prejudices, which had rendered them from their birth the enemies of the rest of mankind, and especially that which is the source of all the antipathies of men and which Europe instils into every one of her children, even while at the breast—the desire of being the first. Under the immediate protection of the Author of Nature, they adopted principles of universal toleration, and by this act of general justice they recovered without obstacle the free exercise of their peculiar character. The Dutchman there carried agriculture and commerce into the very bosom of the morasses, the Swiss to the summits of the rocks, and the Russians, skilled in the management of the axe, to the centre of the thickest forests. The Englishman applied himself to navigation and the useful arts, which constitute the strength of societies; the Italian to the liberal arts, which make them flourish; the Prussian to military exercises; the Pole to those of equitation; the solitary Spaniard to occupations which require perseverance; the Frenchman to such as render life agreeable, and to the cultivation of the social instinct, which makes him fit to be the link that connects all nations. All these men, of such different

Defect of the author's plan.

opinions, communicated to each other by toleration the best traits of their character, and tempered the defects of the one by the excesses of the other. Hence resulted for education, for the laws, for habits and manners a commonwealth of arts, of talents, of virtues, and of religious principles, composed of one single people, capable of existing in perfect harmony internally, of resisting conquerors externally, and of amalgamating with all the rest of the human race.

I therefore committed to paper all the studies I had made on this subject; but when I was going to collect them, in order to give myself and others an idea of a republic governed by the laws of Nature, I perceived that with all my pains I should never produce an illusion in any rational mind.

It is true that Plato in his Atlantis, Xenophon in his Cyropædia, Fenelon in his Telemachus, have painted the felicity of political societies which never existed; but by connecting their fictions with historical traditions, and placing them in very remote ages, they have given them so much probability, that an indulgent reader might believe as true, recitals which he no longer possesses the means of verifying. This was not the case with my work. I supposed in our own time, and in a part of the known world, the existence of a numerous people, formed almost entirely of the wretched wrecks of European nations, attaining all at once to the highest degree of felicity; and this rare phenomenon, so deserving at least of the curiosity of Europe, ceased to create an illusion in the mind of the reader as soon as he was certain that no such thing existed. Besides, the little theological know-

ledge I had obtained relative to a country so widely different from ours, and so superficially described by our travellers, would but have finished my pictures with a false coloring and indistinct features.

I relinquished, therefore, my political vessel, though I had labored assiduously upon it for several years. I left it, as Robinson Crusoe did his canoe, in the forest where I had framed it, for want of strength to move and to steer it over the sea of human opinions.

My imagination in vain made the circuit of the globe. Amid so many situations adapted by Nature to the happiness of men, I was unable to find materials wherewith to establish the illusion of a happy people under the government of her laws: for neither the republic of St. Paul, near Brasil, composed of buccaneers, who made war upon all the world; nor the evangelical society of William Penn, in North America, which does not even take up arms against its enemies; nor the conventual redemptions of the Jesuits in Paraguay;* nor the

* There were, in my opinion, several defects in the *establishments of the Jesuits in Paraguay*. As the members of that order were not permitted to marry, as they had not in themselves any independent principle of existence, as they always recruited their numbers with Europeans, and formed, even in their Redemptions, a nation in another nation, the destruction of their order in Europe involved the ruin of their settlements in America. Besides, the convent-like regularity, and numerous ceremonies which they had introduced into their political administration, were adapted only to an infant people, whom it is necessary to hold continually by the skirts, and to direct with the looks. They nevertheless deserve immortal praise, for having

And lives upon Arcadia.'

voluptuous islanders of the South Sea, who, in the midst of their pleasures, sacrifice men,* appeared to me proper for representing a people employing in a state of nature all its faculties physical and moral.

Besides, though these colonies presented me with images of republics, yet the first was but an anarchy, the second a mere society, protected by the state in which it had settled, and the two others formed only the hereditary aristocracies, in which a particular class of the citizens, having reserved for itself even the power of disposing of the national subsistence, kept the people in a constant state of tutelage and subjection, without ever suffering them to rise above the class of Neophytes or Toutous.†

My mind, dissatisfied with present times, directed its flight towards distant ages, and first reposed on the people of Arcadia.

This happy portion of Greece presented climates and situations similar to those that are scattered over the rest of Europe. I could at least form with

assembled a multitude of barbarians under human laws, and for having taught them the arts useful to life, while at the same time they preserved them from the corruption of civilized nations.

* They likewise eat dogs, the natural friends of men. I have found that people among whom this custom prevails, do not spare, upon occasion, the flesh of their fellow-creatures. To eat dogs is one step towards devouring men.

† The appellation given to the common people in Otaheite and the islands of that Archipelago. They are not permitted to eat the flesh of the hog, which is excellent there, though that animal is extremely common. It is reserved for the Earees, who are the chiefs. The Toutous breed the hogs, and the Earees eat them. (See Cook's Voyages.)

them varied and plausible pictures. It was covered with lofty mountains, some of which, as Pboe, clothed all the year round with snow, produced a resemblance to Switzerland. On the other hand, its marshes, as that of Stymphale, caused it, in that part of its territory, to resemble Holland. Its vegetables and its animals were the same as those dispersed over the soil of Italy, of France, and of the north of Europe. It contained olive-trees, vines, apple-trees, corn, pasturage; forests of oaks, of pines, of firs, oxen, horses, sheep, goats, wolves. The occupations of the Arcadians were the same as those of our peasants. There were among them husbandmen, shepherds, vine-dressers, hunters. But in one point they differed from us; they shewed a highly martial spirit abroad, and were perfectly peaceful at home. No sooner was their state threatened with war, than they presented themselves to defend it, each at his own cost. There were a great number of Arcadians among the ten thousand Greeks, who, under Xenophon, effected the famous retreat from Persia. They were very religious, for most of the gods of Greece were born in their country: Mercury on Mount Cyllene, Jupiter on Mount Lycens, Pan on Mount Menale, or, according to others, in the forests of Mount Lycus, where particular honors were paid him. It was in Arcadia that Hercules performed his principal labors.

To these sentiments of patriotism and of religion, the Arcadians added that of love, which has at length become the principal idea that these people have left behind them. Political and religious institutions vary in every country in the process of

ages, and are peculiar to it; but the laws of Nature are the laws of all ages, and interest all nations. Hence it is that the ancient and modern poets have represented the Arcadians as a nation of amorous shepherds, who excelled in poetry and music, which are in every country the principal languages of love. Virgil, in particular, frequently speaks of their talents and their felicity. In his tenth eclogue, which breathes the mildest melancholy, he thus introduces Gallus, the son of Pollio, inviting the people of Arcadia to deplore with him the loss of his mistress Lycoris:

Cantabitis, Arcades, inquit,
Montibus hæc vestris. Soli cantare periti
Arcades. O mihi tum quam molliter ossa quiescent,
Vestra meos olim si fistula dicat amores!
Atque utinam ex vobis unus, vestrique fuissem
Aut custos gregis, aut maturæ vinitor uvæ!

But you, Arcadian swains, shall sing my grief
And on your hills my last complaints renew;
So sad a song is only worthy you.
How light would lie the turf upon my breast,
If you my suff'rings in your songs exprest!
Ah! that your birth and business had been mine,
To penn the sheep, and press the swelling vine!

Gallus, the son of a Roman Consul, in the age of Augustus, thinks the condition of the inhabitants of Arcadia so enviable, that he presumes not to wish he had been among them the master of a flock, or a husbandman, the proprietor of a vineyard, but only a *custos gregis*, a mere guardian of the flock; or one of those men who are occasionally hired to

tread the grapes when they are ripe—*matura vinitor uvæ.*

Virgil abounds in these delicate shades of sentiment, which disappear in translations, and especially in mine.

Though the Arcadians passed a great part of their lives in singing and making love, Virgil does not represent them as effeminate men. On the other hand, he assigns them simple manners, and a peculiar character of strength, piety, and virtue, confirmed by all the historians who have treated of them. He even makes them act a very important part in the origin of the Roman empire; for when Æneas sailed up the Tiber to seek allies among the people inhabiting its shores, he found at the place where he disembarked, a little town called Pallanteum, after Pallas, son of Evander, king of the Arcadians, by whom it was built. This town was afterwards inclosed within the circuit of the city of Rome, to which it served as the first fortress. For this reason Virgil calls the king Evander the founder of the Roman fortress:

Rex Evandrus, Romanæ conditor arcis.

Æneid. lib. 8. v. 513.

I cannot withstand the desire to insert above here a few passages from the Æneid, which have a direct relation to the manners of the Arcadians, and at the same time evince their influence over those of the Romans. This digression is not foreign to the general plan of my work. I shall produce several examples of the great effects resulting from resemblances and contrasts, which I have considered in

my preceding studies as the first moving principles of Nature. We shall see that, like her, Virgil abounds with them, and that they are the sole causes of the harmony of his style and the magic of his pictures.

Æneas, by the command of the God of the Tiber, who appeared to him in a dream, solicits the alliance of Evander to enable him to establish himself in Italy. He dwells on the ancient origin of their families, which were descended from Atlas, the one by Electra, the other by Maja. Evander makes no reply to this genealogy; but at sight of Æneas he recollects, with joy, the features, the voice, and the words of Anchises, to whom he had paid the rights of hospitality within the walls of Phenens, when that prince, returning from Salamina with Priam, who had been visiting his sister Hesione, passed over the bleak mountains of Arcadia:

Ut te, fortissime Teucrûm
Accipio, agnoscoque libens! ut verba parentis
Et vocem Anchisæ magni vultumque recordor!
Nam memini Hesiones visentem regna sororis
Laomedontiadem Priamum, Salamina petentem
Protinus Arcadiæ gelidos invisere fines.
Æneid. lib. viii. *v* 154—159.

O valiant leader of the Trojan line,
In whom the features of thy father shine,
How I recal Anchises, how I see
His motions, mien, and all my friend in thee!
Long tho' it be, 'tis fresh within my mind,
When Priam to his sister's court design'd
A welcome visit, with a friendly stay,
And through th' Arcadian kingdom took his way.

Evander was then in the flower of his age; he

burned with desire to join his hand [illegible] that of Anchises, *dextrâ conjungere dextram*. He recollects the testimonies of friendship he received from him, and his presents, among which were two gold bridles which he gave to his son Pallas, undoubtedly as symbols of the prudence so necessary for a young prince. He then adds:

Ergo et quam petitis, juncta est mihi fœdere dextra,
Et lux cum primum terris se crastina reddet,
Auxilio lætos dimittam, opibusque juvabo.
Æneid. lib. viii. *v.* 168—171.

The league you ask, I offer as your right,
And when to-morrow's sun reveals the light,
With swift supplies you shall be sent away.

Thus Evander, though a Greek, and consequently a natural enemy of the Trojans, is induced to afford assistance to Æneas, by the sole recollection of the friendship he contracted with his guest Anchises. The hospitality which he formerly exercised towards the father, determines him to aid the son.

It may not be amiss to observe here, in praise of Virgil and of his heroes, that whenever Æneas, in his misfortunes, is obliged to have recourse to strangers, he fails not to remind them of the glory of Troy, or of ancient family alliances, or of some political reason likely to interest them in his behalf; but those who render him any service, are always induced to do it by virtuous motives. When the tempest casts him on the Carthaginian coast, Dido resolves to offer him an asylum, from a sentiment still more sublime, than the recollection of any individual act of hospitality, which, however, was so

The sacrifice of the Arcadians.

sacred among the ancients, from the compassion universally due to the unfortunate. To render the effect still more moving, she applies the want of it to herself, and bestows on the Trojan prince only the same degree of pity as she demands for her own situation. She says:

> Me quoque per multos similis fortuna labores
> Jactatam hac demum voluit consistere terra.
> Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.
> *Æneid. lib.* 1. v. 628—630.

> ——I myself like you have been distress'd,
> Till heav'n afforded me this place of rest.
> Like you an alien in a land unknown,
> I learn to pity woes so like my own.

Virgil every where prefers natural to political reasons, and the interest of mankind to national interest. Hence it is that his poem, though composed in honor of the Romans, interests men of every country and of every age. But to return to king Evander.

He was in the act of offering a sacrifice to Hercules at the head of his colony of Arcadians, when Æneas disembarked. After having invited the king of the Trojans and those who accompanied him to partake of the sacred banquet which his arrival had interrupted, he acquaints him with the origin of this sacrifice, by relating the history of the robber Cacus, slain by Hercules in a cavern near Mount Aventine. After a terrific description of the battle between Hercules and this monster, who vomited flames, he adds:

Sacrifice to Hercules.

Ex illo celebratus honos, lætique minores
Servavere diem; primusque Potitius auctor,
Et domus Herculei custos Pinaria sacri,
Hanc aram luco statuit: quæ maxima semper
Dicetur nobis, et erit quæ maxima semper.
Quare agite, O juvenes, tantarum in munere laudum,
Cingite fronde comas, et pocula porgite dextris:
Communemque vocate Deum, et date vina volentes.
Dixerat; Herculea bicolor cum populus umbra
Velavitque comas, foliisque innexa pependit:
Et sacer implevit dextram scyphus. Ocius omnes
In mensam læti libant, divosque precantur.
Devexo interea propior fit vesper olympo:
Jamque sacerdotes, primusque Potitius, ibant,
Pellibus in morem cincti, flammasque ferebant.
Instaurant epulas, et mensæ grata secundæ
Dona ferunt: cumulantque oneratis lancibus aras.
Tum Salii ad cantus, incensa altaria circum
Populeis adsunt evincti tempora ramis.

Æneid. lib. viii. v. 268—286.

From that auspicious day with rites divine,
We worship at the hero's holy shrine.
Potitius first ordain'd these annual vows,
As priests were added the Pinarian house,
Who rais'd this altar in the sacred shade,
Where honors, ever due, for ever shall be paid.
For these deserts and this high virtue shewn,
Ye warlike youths, your heads with garlands crown.
Fill high the goblets with a sparkling flood,
And with deep draughts invoke our common God.
This said, a double wreath Evander twin'd,
And poplars black and white his temples bind.
Then brims his ample bowl; with like design
The rest invoke the god with sprinkled wine.
Mean time the sun descended from the skies,
And the bright ev'ning-star began to rise:
And now the priests, Potitius at their head,
In skins of beasts involv'd the long procession led,
Held high the flaming tapers in their hands,
As custom had prescrib'd their holy bands;

The religious usages of Rome derived from the Arcadians.

Then with a second course the tables load,
And with rich chargers offer to the god.
The Salii stay and course his altars round
With Saban smoke, their heads with poplar bound.

All that Virgil describes here is not a poetic fiction, but an actual tradition of Roman history. According to Livy, Potitius and Pinarius were the heads of two illustrious families among the Romans. Evander instructed them, and appointed them to perform the public worship of Hercules. Their descendants possessed this priestly office at Rome till the censorship of Appius Claudius. The altar of Hercules, *Ara maxima* was in Rome, between Mount Aventine and Mount Palatine, in the place denominated *Forum Boarium*. The Salii were priests of Mars appointed by Numa, twelve in number. Virgil supposes, according to some commentators, that they existed as far back as the time of king Evander, and that they sung at the sacrifices of Hercules. But it is more probable that Virgil, who has collected with almost religious care even the most insignificant omens and the most frivolous predictions, to which he attaches the greatest importance when they relate to the foundation of the Roman empire, has likewise in this instance adapted historical tradition.

Rome, then, owed to the Arcadians its principal religious usages. She was likewise indebted to them for customs still more interesting to humanity, for Plutarch derives the etymology of the appellation of the Patricians, instituted by Romulus, from the word *patrocinium*, equivalent to patronage, or protection, which word is still used in the same

signification, because one of those who accompanied Evander to Italy was called Patronius, who, being a wealthy man, and supporting the poor and the low, gave his name to this office of humanity.

The sacrifice and the banquet of Evander conclude with a hymn to Hercules. I cannot forbear introducing it in this place, in order to evince, that the same people who sung so melodiously the loves of shepherds, knew how to celebrate equally well the virtues of heroes, and that the same poet who attunes so sweetly the rural pipe, sounds as vigorously the epic trumpet.

Hic juvenum chorus, ille senum, qui carmine laudes
Herculeas et facta ferunt: ut primus novos
Monstra manus geminosque premens eliserit angues:
Ut bello egregias idem disjecerit urbes,
Trojamque, Oechaliamque: ut duros mille labores
Rege sub Eurystheo, fatis Junonis iniquæ,
Pertulerit. Tu nubigenas invicte bimembres;
Hylæumque, Pholumque, manu, tu Cressia mactas
Prodigia, et vastum Nemeæ sub rupe leonem.
Te Stygii tremuere lacus: te janitor Orci
Ossa super recubans antro semesa cruento.
Nec te ulla facies, non terruit ipse Typhœus,
Arduus arma tenens: non te rationis egentem
Lernæus turba capitum circumstetit anguis.
Salve, vera Jovis proles, decus addite divis,
Et nos et tua dexter adi pede sacra secundo.
Talia carminibus celebrant, super omnia Caci
Speluncam adjiciunt, spirantemque ignibus ipsum.
Consonat omne nemus strepitu, collesque resultant.

Æneid. lib. VIII. *v.* 287—305.

One choir of old, another of the young;
To dance and bear the burden of the song.
The lay records the labor and the praise
And all the immortal acts of Hercules.

Hymn to Hercules.

First how the mighty babe when swath'd in bands,
The serpents strangled with his infant hands.
Then as in years and matchless force he grew,
Th' Œchalian walls and Trojan overthrew.
Besides a thousand hazards they relate
Procur'd by Juno's and Eurystheus' hate.
Thy hands, unconquer'd hero, could subdue
The cloud-born Centaurs, and the monster crew,
Nor thy resistless arm the bull withstood:
Nor he the roaring terror of the wood.
The triple porter of the Stygian seat
With lolling tongue lay fawning at thy feet,
And, seiz'd with fear, forgot thy mangled meat,
Th' infernal waters trembled at the sight:
Thee, god, no face of danger could affright;
Not huge Typhœus, nor th' unnumber'd snake;
Increas'd with hissing heads in Lerna's lake.
Hail, Jove's undoubted son! an added grace
To heav'n and the great author of thy race,
Receive the grateful offerings which we pay,
And smile propitious on thy solemn day!
In numbers thus they sung; above the rest
The den and death of Cacus crown the feast.
The woods to hollow vales convey the sound,
The vales to hills, and hills the notes rebound.

These were strains worthy of the strong lungs of the Arcadians. The reader imagines that he hears them resounding among the woods and the hills.

Consonat omne nemus strepitu, collesque resultant.

Virgil always expresses the consonances of Nature. They heighten the effects of his pictures, and infuse into them the sublime sentiment of infinity. Consonances are in poetry what reflections are in painting.

This hymn may be ranked on a par with the

Evander shews Æneas the most remarkable monuments.

most beautiful odes of Horace. Though in regular Alexandrines it has the turn and the movement of lyric compositions, particularly in its transitions.

Evander then relates to Æneas the history of the antiquities of the country, beginning with Saturn, who, being dethroned by Jupiter, retired hither, and brought with him the golden age. He informs him that the Tiber, denominated in ancient times Albula, had received its name from the giant Tibris, who conquered the country adjacent to that river. He shews him the altar and the gate, afterwards called by the Romans the Carmental, in honor of the nymph Carmenta his mother, by whose advice he had settled in this place, after being expelled from Arcadia, his native land. He takes him to an extensive wood which Romulus afterwards made an asylum, and to the foot of a rock to the grotto of Pan Lupercal, so called, says he, from that of the Arcadians at Mount Lyceus.

Nec non et sacri monstrat nemus Argileti:
Testaturque locum, et letum docet hospitis Argi.
Hinc ad Tarpeiam sedem et Capitolia ducit,
Aurea nunc, olim sylvestribus horrida dumis.
Jam tum religio pavidos terrebat agrestes
Dira loci, jam tum sylvam, saxumque tremebant.
Hoc nemus, hunc, inquit, frondoso vertice collem
(Quis Deus? incertum est) habitat Deus, Arcade ipsum
Credunt se vidisse Jovem, cum sæpe nigrantem
Ægida concuteret dextrâ nimbosque cieret.
Hæc duo præterea disjectis oppida muris,
Reliquias veterumque vires monumenta virorum.
Hanc Janus pater, hanc Saturnus condidit urbem:
Janiculum huic, illi fuerat Saturnia nomen.

Æneid. lib. viii. v. 345—348.

Rome owed its principal monuments to the Arcadians.

Then tells of Argus' death, his murder'd guest,
Whose grave and tomb his innocence attest.
Thence to the steep Tarpeian rock he leads,
Now roof'd with gold, then thatch'd with homely reeds;
A rev'rend fear (such superstition reigns
Among the rude) even then possess'd the swains.
Some god they knew, what god they could not tell,
Did there amidst the sacred horror dwell;
Th' Arcadians thought him Jove, and said they saw
The mighty thund'rer with majestic awe,
Who shook his shield, and dealt his bolts around,
And scatter'd tempests on the reeking ground.
Then saw two heaps of ruins; once they stood
Two stately towns on either side the flood.
Saturnia and Janiculum remains,
And either place the founder's name retains.

Hence it appears that the principal monuments of Rome, as well as the first religious establishments were owing to the Arcadians. The Romans celebrated the Saturnalia in the month of December. During this festival, the masters and the slaves sat down at the same table, and the latter had the liberty of doing and saying whatever they pleased, in memory of the ancient equality of men which prevailed at the time of Saturn. The Carmental altar and gate long existed at Rome, as well as the grotto of Pan Lupercal, which was under Mount Palatine.

Like a great master, Virgil contrasts the rustic appearance of the ancient situations around the little Arcadian town of Pallanteum, with the magnificence of the same places inclosed in Rome: and their rural altar and their venerable religious traditions under Evander, with the temples of a city whose inhabitants had no faith of any kind under Augustus.

Observations on the preceding passage.

There is in this passage another moral contrast, which produces a much more powerful effect than all the physical contrasts, and which admirably delineates the simplicity and good faith of the virtuous king of Arcadia. It is when that prince justifies himself, unnecessarily, on occasion of the death of his guest Argus, and calls the wood which he has consecrated to him to attest his innocence. This Argus, or this Argive, had sought an asylum in his habitation, with the intention to put him to death; but his design being discovered, he was condemned to die. Evander ordered a tomb to be erected for him, and here protests that he did not violate in his person the sacred duties of hospitality. The piety of this good king, and the protestation which he makes of his innocence with regard to a stranger convicted of guilt against him, and justly condemned by the laws, form a striking contrast to the illegal proscriptions of guests, of parents, of friends, of patrons, of which Rome had been the theatre for a century past, and for which no citizen felt either scruple or remorse. The quarter of Argiletum at Rome extended along the bank of the Tiber. Janicula was built on Mount Janiculus, and Saturnia on the rock afterwards called the Tarpeian, and since the Capitol, on which stood the Temple of Jove. The ancient tradition that Jupiter frequently collected the clouds around the summit of this rock, crowned with a forest, and that he there shook his black shield, confirms what I have advanced in my preceding Studies relative to the hydraulic attraction of the summits of the mountains and of their forests, which are the sources of rivers. The same was the case with that of Olympus, often enveloped

in clouds, where the Greeks had fixed the abode of the gods. In the ages of ignorance, religious sentiments explained physical effects; in the ages of illumination, physical effects recal men to religious sentiments. Nature at all times speaks the same language to man, but in different dialects.

Virgil completes the contrast of the ancient monuments of Rome, by the delineation of the poor and simple habitation of the good king Evander, on the very spot where so many magnificent palaces were afterwards erected.

Talibus inter se dictis ad tecta subibant
Pauperis Evandri: passimque armenta vi debant
Romanoque foro et lautis mugire Carinis.
Ut ventum ad sedes: Hæc, inquit, limina victor
Alcides subiit; hæc illum regia cepit.
Aude, hospes, contemnere opes; et te quoque dignum
Finge Deo, rebusque veni non asper egenis.
Dixit; et angusti subter fastigia tecti
Ingentem Æneam duxit: stratisque locavit,
Effultum foliis et pelle Lybistidis ursæ.

Æneid. lib. viii. v. 359—368.

Discoursing thus together they resort
Where poor Evander kept his country court.
They view'd the ground of Rome's litigious hall,
Once oxen low'd where now the lawyers bawl.
Then stooping through the narrow gates they press'd,
When thus the king address'd his Trojan guest:
Mean as it is, this palace and this door
Receiv'd Alcides, then a conqueror.
Dare to be poor, accept our homely food
Which feasted him, and emulate a god.
Then underneath a lowly roof he led
The weary prince, and laid him on a bed:
The stuffing leaves with hides of bears o'erspread.

It is obvious from this passage th[illegible] is deeply impressed with the simplicity [illegible]ers

Venus soliciting of Vulcan armor for Æneas.

of the Arcadians, and that it is with pleasure he represents the herds of Evander bellowing in the *Forum Romanum*, and grazing in the superb quarter of *Carenæ*, or keels, thus denominated because Pompey there erected a palace, decorated with prows of ships in bronze. This rural contrast produces the most pleasing effect. While he was writing this passage, the author of the Eclogues assuredly recollected his pipe. He then proceeds to oppose to the tremendous picture of the battle with Cacus, to the hymn to Hercules, to the religious traditions of the Roman monuments, and to the austere manners of Evander, the most voluptuous episode in his whole work. It is that of Venus soliciting of Vulcan armour for Æneas.

Nox ruit et fuscis tellurem amplectitur alis.
At Venus haud animo, nequicquam exterrita mater,
Laurentumque minis et dura mota tumultu,
Vulcanum alloquitur; thalamoque hæc conjugis aureo
Incipit, et dictis divinum aspirat amorem;
Dum bello Argolicæ vastabant Pergama reges
Debita, casurasque inimicis ignibus arces;
Non ullam auxilium miseris, non arma rogavi
Artis, opisque tuæ: nec te carissime conjux,
Incassumve tuos volui exercere labores,
Quamvis et Priami deberem plurima natis
Et durum Æneæ flevissem sæpe laborem.
Nunc Jovis imperiis, Rutulorum constitit oris.
Ergo eadem supplex venio, et sanctum mihi numen
Arma rogo, genetrix nata. Te filia Nerei,
Te potuit lacrymis Pthiotis flectere conjux.
Aspice qui coeant populi quæ mœnia clausis
Ferrum acuant portis, in me exitiumque cerorum.
Dixerat: et niveis hinc atque hinc diva lacertis
Cunctantem amplexu molli fovet: ille repente
Accepit solitam flammam, notusque medullas
Intravit calor, et labefacta per ossa cucurrit:

Venus soliciting of Vulcan armor for Æneas.

Non secus atque olim tonitru cum rupta corusco
Ignea rima micans percurrit lumine nimbos,
Sensit lecta dolis, et formæ conscia conjux.
Tumpater æterno fatur devictus amore:
Quid causas petis ex alto? Fiducia cessit
Quo tibi diva mei? similis si cura fuisset,
Tum quoque fas nobis Teucros armare fuisset.
Nec pater omnipotens Trojam, nec fata vetabant
Stare, decemque alios Priamum superesse per annos,
Et nunc si bellare paras, atque hæc tibi mens est,
Quicquid in arte mea possum promittere curæ.
Quod fieri ferro liquidove potest electro:
Quantum ignes animæque valent: absiste precando
Viribus indubitare tuis. Et verba locutus
Optatos dedit amplexus, placidumque petivit,
Conjugis infusus gremio, per membra soporem.

Æneid, lib. VIII. v. 369—406.

Now Night had shed her silver dews around,
And with her sable wings embrac'd the ground,
When love's fair góddess anxious for her son,
(New tumults rising, and new wars begun)
Couch'd with her husband in his golden bed,
With these alluring words invokes his aid;
And that her pleasing speech his mind may move,
Inspires each accent with the charms of love:
While cruel fate conspir'd with Grecian pow'rs,
To level with the ground the Trojan tow'rs;
I ask'd no aid th' unhappy to restore;
Nor did the succour of thy skill implore,
Nor urg'd the labors of my lord in vain
A sinking empire longer to sustain,
Though much I ow'd to Priam's house, and more
The danger of Æneas did deplore.
But now by Jove's command and fate's decree
His race is doom'd to reign in Italy;
With humble suit I beg thy needful art,
O still propitious pow'r that rules my heart!
A mother kneels a suppliant for her son:
By Thetis and Aurora thou wert won
To forge impenetrable shields, and grace
With fated arms a less illustrious race.

Venus soliciting of Vulcan armor for Æneas.

Behold what haughty nations are combin'd
Against the relics of the Phrygian kind!
With fire and sword my people to destroy,
And conquer Venus twice in conqu'ring Troy.
She said, and straight her arms of snowy hue,
About her unresolving husband threw.
Her soft embraces soon infuse desire,
His bones and marrow sudden warmth inspire,
And all the godhead feels the wonted fire.
Not half so swift the rattling thunder flies,
Or forky lightnings flash along the skies.
The goddess proud of her successful wiles,
And conscious of her form in secret smiles.
Then thus the pow'r obnoxious to her charms,
Panting and half dissolving in her arms:
Why seek you reasons for a cause so just,
Or your own beauties, or my love distrust?
Long since had you requir'd my helpful hand,
Th' artificer and art you might command,
To labor arms for Troy, nor Jove nor fate
Confin'd their empire to so short a date;
And if you now desire new wars to wage,
My skill I promise, and my pains engage.
Whatever melting metals can conspire,
Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,
Is freely yours: your anxious fears remove,
And think no task is difficult to love.
Trembling he spoke, and eager of her charms,
He snatch'd the willing goddess to his arms;
Till in her lap infus'd he lay possess'd
Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing rest.

Virgil always employs consonances among contrasts. He chose the night for introducing Venus to Vulcan, because it is then she possesses the most power. In the language of the goddess of beauty there is a charming mixture of elegance, negligence, art and timidity. I shall take notice only of certain traits of her character, which to me appear the most prominent. She strongly insists, in

the first place, on the obligations she owed to the children of Priam. The principal, and I believe the only one was the apple which Paris, the son of Priam, had adjudged her in preference to Juno and Minerva. But this apple, which had declared her to be the most beautiful, and which moreover had humbled her rivals, was *much* to Venus. Accordingly she terms it *plurima*, and not only acknowledges her gratitude to Paris, but extends it to all the children of Priam.

Quamvis et Priami deberem plurima natis.

With regard to Æneas, her natural son, though he is the only object of her concern on this occasion, she merely speaks of the tears she has shed over his misfortunes, and confines what she has to say on that subject to a single verse. She names him but once, and alludes to him in the following line with so much ambiguity, that what she says of Æneas might be referred to Priam, such is her reluctance to repeat the name of the son of Anchises before her husband. As to Vulcan, she flatters, she supplicates, she implores, she coaxes him. She appeals to his skill, to his sacred protection, *sanctum numen*. But when she comes to the principal point, to the armor for Æneas, she expresses herself, literally, in four words, *Arma rogo, genetrix nato*—arms I ask, the mother for the son. She uses general terms to avoid too particular explanations. As it is a ticklish subject, she strengthens her cause with the example of two females of character, Thetis and Aurora, who obtained of Vulcan arms for their sons, the one for Achilles and the other for Memnon. The children of these goddesses were, it is

true, legitimate, but they were mortal as well as Æneas, which was sufficient for the moment. She then endeavors to alarm her husband on her own account. She gives him to understand that she likewise runs great risks. "A multitude of nations," says she, "and formidable towns are sharpening the sword against me." Vulcan is shaken; still he hesitates; she prevails by an irresistible expedient; she encircles him with her snowy arms, and embraces him. Let any other render if he can —*amplexu molli fovet—sensit læta dolis*—and above all, *forma conscia*, which I have not translated.*

Vulcan's reply presents perfect conformities with the state into which the caresses of Venus have thrown him.

Virgil at first gives him the title of father:

Tum pater æterno fatur devictus amore.

This epithet is frequently used by Virgil as synonimous with good. He frequently applies it to Æneas and to Jupiter himself: *pater Æneas: pater omnipotens.* The principal character of a father being benignity, he qualifies with this name his

* It is necessary here to acknowledge a slight infidelity of which I have been guilty in this portion of the author's work. To the passages quoted from Virgil he has subjoined a prose translation, and it is to this version of the foregoing passage that he here alludes. To the classical reader a literal translation must be useless, and those who are unacquainted with the language of the original, would, I presume, prefer a translation in verse to one in prose. I have therefore in general annexed Dryden's version, which though less elegant than Pitt's, is, however, the most faithful of the two. T.

Observations.

hero and the sovereign of the gods. In this place the word father signifies in the most literal sense good man, for Vulcan speaks and acts with good nature. But the word father, separately, is not sufficiently expressive in our language, or it implies the same signification in a trivial manner. The lower classes address it familiarly to the aged and to the virtuous.

Commentators have observed that the grammatical construction is completely reversed in these words:

Fiducia cessit quo tibi diva mei?

This they have not failed to attribute to a poetic licence. They have not perceived that the confusion of Vulcan's language proceeded from that of his head, and that Virgil represents him as not only offending against the rules of grammar, but also against those of common sense, when he makes him say, that had Venus desired it before, he would have made armor for the Trojans, and that neither Jupiter nor the Fates could have prevented Troy from existing and Priam from reigning ten years longer.

It was clear that fate had decreed the downfal of Troy in the eleventh year of the siege, and that its will had been manifested by many oracles and omens, among others by a serpent which had devoured ten young birds in a nest with their mother. There is in Vulcan's discourse a great deal of bombast, to call it nothing worse, for he insinuates that the armor he should have made, had Venus desired him, would have reversed the decrees of fate, and those of Jupiter himself, to whom he applies the

epithet of omnipotent, as if by a kind of defiance. Remark also, by the way, the jingle of the two verses at the end of which the same word is repeated without occasion—.

..... si cura fuisset,
..... armare fuisset.

Vulcan, intoxicated with love, knows neither what he says, nor what he does. He is inconsistent in his language, in his thoughts, and in his actions, since he resolves to make magnificent armor for the natural son of his faithless wife. He takes care, it is true, not to name him. She has pronounced his name but once from discretion, and he suppresses it from jealousy. It is for Venus alone that he performs the service. He seems to believe that it is she who is going to fight.

The total disorder of his person completes that of his discourse. Fired with love in the arms of Venus, he melts like a metal:

Conjugis infusus gremio ———

Take notice of the justice of this metaphorical consonance, *infusus*, dissolved, so suitable to the god of the forges of Lemnos. At length he loses all sensibility,

..... placidumque petivit
..... per membra soporem.

Sopor here signifies much more than sleep. It likewise presents another consonance of the state of metals after fusion, that is, a perfect stagnation.

The industrious housewife.

But to weaken whatever there is licentious and contrary to conjugal manners in this picture, the wise Virgil immediately afterwards opposes to the goddess soliciting armor of her husband for her natural son, a mother of a family, chaste and poor, engaged in the arts of Minerva, to support her young children, and he assigns this touching image to the same hours of the night, to exhibit a new contrast of the different uses which vice and virtue make of the same moment.

Inde ubi prima quies medio jam noctis abactæ
Curriculo expulerat somnum; cum fœmina primum,
Cui tolerare colo vitam tenuique Minervâ,
Impositum cinerem et sopitos suscitat ignes,
Noctem addens operi, famulasque ad lumina longo
Exercet penso; castum ut servare cubile
Conjugis et possit parvos educere natos.
Æneid lib. VIII. *v.* 407—413.

He rose refresh'd, impatient from the bed,
When half the silent hours of night were fled;
What time the poor laborious frugal dame,
Who plies the distaff, stirs the dying flame;
Employs her handmaids by the winking light,
And lengthens out their task with half the night;
Thus to her children she divides the bread,
And guards the honors of her homely bed.
Pitt's Virgil.

Virgil forms other new and sublime contrasts with the humble occupations of this virtuous mother of a family. He successively opposes to her feeble industry, *tenui Minervâ*, the ingenious Vulcan, and to the fire which she re-kindles, the ever-flaming mouth of a volcano; to her handmaids to whom she distributes the fleecy wool, the Cyclops forging thunder-bolts for Jupiter, a chariot for Mars,

an Ægis for Minerva, and who by the command of their master relinquish their celestial works to make armor for Æneas, on whose shield were to be engraved the principal events in the history of the Roman empire.

Haud secus ignipotens, nec tempore segnior illo,
Mollibus è stratis opera ad fabrilia surgit.
Insula Sicanium juxta latus Æoliamque
Erigitur Liparen, fumantibus ardua saxis:
Quam subter specus et Cyclopum exesa caminis
Antra Ætnea tonant, validique incudibus ictus
Auditi referunt gemitum, stridentque cavernis
Stricturæ Chalybum, et fornacibus ignis anhelat
Vulcani domus, et Vulcania nomina tellus.
Huc tunc ignipotens cœlo descendit ab alto.
Ferrum exercebant vasto Cyclopes in antro,
Brontesque, Steropesque et nudus membra Pyracmon.
His informatum manibus, jam parte polita,
Fulmen erat, toto genitor quæ plurima cœlo
Dejicit in terras; pars imperfecta manebat.
Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
Addiderant, rutili tres ignis, et alitis Austri.
Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque, metumque
Miscebant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras,
Parte alia Marti currumque, rotasque volucres
Instabant, quibus ille viros, quibus excitat urbes,
Ægidaque horrificam, turbatæ Palladis arma,
Certatim squamis serpentum auroque polibant:
Connexosque angues, ipsamque in pectore divæ
Gorgona, desecto vertentem lumina collo.
Tollite cuncta, inquit, cœptos auferte labores
Ætneæ Cyclopes, et huc advertite mentem.
Arma acri facienda viro: nunc viribus usus,
Nunc manibus rapidis, omni nunc arte magistrâ.
Præcipitate moras. Nec plura effatus: at illi
Ocius incubuere omnes, pariterque laborem
Sortiti: fluit æs rivis aurique metallum;
Vulnificusque chalybas vastâ fornace liquescit.
Ingentem clypeum informant, unum omnia contra

Labors of the Cyclops.

Tela Latinorum, septenosque orbibus orbes
Impediunt: alii ventosis follibus auras
Accipiunt, redduntque; alii stridentia tingunt
Æra lacu: gemit impositis incudibus antrum.
Illi inter sese multâ vi brachia tollunt
In numerum versantque tenaci forcipe massam.
Æneid. lib. VIII. *v.* 414—453.

Amid th' Hesperian and Sicilian flood,
All black with smoke a rocky island stood,
The dark Vulcanian land, the region of the God.
Here the grim Cyclops ply, in vaults profound,
The huge Æolian forge that thunders round,
Th' eternal anvils ring, the dungeon d'er
From side to side the fiery caverns roar.
Loud groans the mass beneath their pond'rous blows;
Fierce burns the flame, and the full furnace glows.
To this dark region from the bright abode.
With speed impetuous flew the fiery god.
Th' alternate blows the brawny brethren deal;
Thick burst the sparkles from the tortur'd steel.
Huge strokes rough Setropes and Brontes gave,
And strong Pyracmon shook the gloomy cave.
Before their sov'reign came the Cyclops strove
With eager speed to forge a bolt for Jove,
Such as by heav'n's almighty Lord are hurl'd,
All charg'd with vengeance, on a guilty world.
Beneath their hands, tremendous to survey,
Half rough, half form'd, the dreadful engine lay:
Three points of rain, three forks of hail conspire,
Three arm'd with wind, and three were barb'd with fire.
The mass they temper'd thick with livid rays,
Fear, wrath, and terror, and the lightning's blaze.
With equal speed a second train prepare
The rapid chariot for the god of war;
The flaming wheels and axles that excite
The madding nations to the rage of fight.
Some in a forge the burnish'd serpents roll'd
Round the dread ægis bright with scales of gold,
The horrid ægis, great Minerva's shield,
When in her wrath she takes the fatal field,

Labors of the Cyclops.

All charg'd with curling snakes the boss they rais'd,
And the grim Gorgon's head tremendous blaz'd,
In agonizing pains the monster frown'd,
And roll'd in death her fiery eyes around.
Throw, throw your tasks aside, the sov'reign said;
Arms for a god-like hero must be made.
Fly to the work before the dawn of day;
Your speed, your strength, and all your skill display.
Swift as the word, his orders to pursue,
To the black labors of the forge they flew;
Vast heaps of steel in the deep furnace roll'd
And bubbling streams of brass, and floods of melted gold.
The brethren first a glorious shield prepare,
Capacious of the whole Rutulian war,
Some orb in orb the blazing buckler frame,
Some with huge bellows rouze the roaring flame,
Some in the stream the hissing metals drown'd:
From vault to vault the thund'ring strokes rebound,
And the deep caves rebellow to the sound.
Exact in time each pond'rous hammer plays,
In time their arms the giant brethren raise,
And turn the glowing mass a thousand ways.

Pitt's Virgil.

The reader may almost imagine that he sees these enormous sons of Ætna at work, and that he hears the strokes of their ponderous hammers, so imitative is the harmony of Virgil's verses.

The composition of the lightning is deserving of attention. It is replete with genius, that is, with new observations of Nature. Virgil introduces and contrasts in it the four elements at once, the earth and the water, the fire and the air.

Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
Addiderant, rutili tres ignis, et alitis Austri.

In this passage he does not, indeed, mention earth properly so called, but he gives solidity to

water that it may serve instead of it: *tres imbris torti radios*, literally: "three rays of writhen rain," by which is meant hail. This metaphorical expression, is ingenious; it supposes that the Cyclops have writhen drops of rain to transform them into hail-stones. Take notice also of the propriety of the expression *alitis Austri*, the winged Auster. Auster is the south wind, that which almost always brings thunder in Europe.

The poet then ventures to lay metaphysical sensations on the anvils of the Cyclops; *metum*, fear, *iras*, wrath. These he amalgamates with the lightning. Thus he shakes, at one and the same time, the physical system by the contrast of the elements, and the moral system by the consonance of the soul and the view of the Deity—

——— Flammisque sequacibus iras.

He makes the thunder roll, and exhibits Jove himself in the cloud.

Virgil likewise opposes the head of Pallas to that of Medusa, but this contrast he has in common with all other poets. Here, however, is one which is peculiar to himself. Vulcan obliges the Cyclops to relinquish their divine works in order to forge armor for a man. Thus he puts into one scale the lightnings of Jove, the chariot of Mars, the Ægis of Minerva, and into the other the destinies of the Roman empire, which are to be engraved on the shield of a mortal. But if he gives the preference to this new work, it is from love to Venus, and not for the sake of the glory of Æneas. Observe that the jealous god still forbears to name the son of Anchises, though it seems scarcely possible for him

to avoid it. He merely says in vague terms to th
Cyclops: *Arma acri facienda viro.* The epithe
acer may be taken in a good or in a bad sense. I
may signify wicked, stern, and can scarcely b
applied to the tender Æneas, to whom Virgil s
frequently gives the surname of the pious.

After this busy picture of the Æolian forges, Vir
gil brings us back, by a new contrast to the peace
ful dwelling of the good king Evander, who ros
almost as early as the industrious mother and th
god of fire.

Hæc pater Æoliis properat dum Lemnius oris
Evandrum ex humili tecto lux suscitat alma,
Et matutini volucrum sub culmine cantus.
Consurgit senior, tunicasque induitur artus,
Et Tyrrhena pedum circumdat vincula plantis.
Tum lateri atque humeris Tegeæum subligat ensem,
Demissa ab læva pantheræ terga retorquens.
Necnon et geminæ canibus custodes limine ab alto
Procedunt, gressumque canes comitantur herilem.
Hospitis Æneæ sedem et secreta petebat
Seramonum memor et promissi muneris heros.
Nec minus Æneas se matutinus agebat:
Filius hunc Pallas, illi comes erat Achates.
Æneid. lib. VIII. v. 454—466.

While at the Lemnian god's command, they urge
Their labors thus, and ply th' Æolian forge,
The cheerful morn salutes Evander's eyes,
And songs of chirping birds invite to rise;
He leaves his lowly bed; his buskins meet
Above his ancles, sandals sheath his feet;
He sets his trusty sword upon his side,
And o'er his shoulder throws a panther's hide:
Two mastiff dogs before their master press'd;
Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his kingly guest.
Mindful of promis'd aid he mends his pace,
But meets Æneas in the middle space.

Evander and Pallas.

Young Pallas did his father's steps attend,
And true Achates waited on his friend.
Dryden's Virgil.

Here we have a highly interesting moral contrast. The good king Evander, with no other guard than two dogs, who likewise guarded the door of his house, goes forth at the dawn of day, to transact business with his guest. But imagine not that it is of affairs of little importance of which they treat beneath his straw-thatched roof. The subject is nothing less than the re-establishment of the empire of Troy in the person of Æneas, or rather, the foundation of the Roman empire. The dissolution of a powerful confederacy is their object, and to effect it, the good king Evander offers Æneas four hundred horsemen, chosen and commanded by his only son Pallas. I shall here remark one of those delicate consonances by means of which Virgil gives impressive lessons of virtue to kings, as well as to other men, in delineating actions apparently indifferent; I mean the confidence of Evander in his son. Though this young prince is only in the flower of his age, his father takes him to a most important conference as his companion, *comes ibat*. He had given his name to the town of Pallanteum, founded by himself. Lastly, among the four hundred horse whom he promises to the Trojan king, to be commanded by Pallas, there are two hundred in the flower of youth, chosen by himself, and two hundred whom his son is to take with him in his own name.

Arcades huic equites bis centum robora pubis
Lecta, dabo; totidemque suo tibi nomine Pallas.
Æneid. lib. VIII. *v.* 518.

Evander and Pallas.

Examples of paternal confidence are rare among sovereigns, who frequently consider their successors as their enemies. These traits depict the sincerity and simplicity of the manners of the Arcadian monarch.

The king of Arcadia might perhaps be charged with indifference towards an only son, because he sends him away, and exposes him to the dangers of war; but a reason directly the reverse is the motive of his conduct. His object is to form him to virtue by placing him in the military school of a hero like Æneas.

Hunc tibi præterea spes et solatia nostri,
Pallanta adjungam. Sub te tolerare magistro
Militiam et gravem Martis opus, tua cernere facta
Assuescat, primus ot te miretur ab annis.
Æneid. lib. VIII. *v.* 514—517.

And let my Pallas by thy side engage,
Pallas, the joy of my declining age,
Beneath so great a master's forming care,
Let the dear youth learn ev'ry work of war;
In ev'ry field thy matchless toils admire,
And emulate thy deeds, and catch thy glorious fire.
Pitt's Virgil.

It may be seen in the remainder of the Æneid what an important part this young prince acts. Virgil has drawn from it great beauties; such, among others, is the affectionate farewel of Evander, the regret of that good father that his age does not permit him to accompany him to the war; then, the imprudent valor of his son, who forgetting the lesson conveyed by the two bridles of Anchises, attacks the formidable Turnus, from whom he receives the fatal blow; the achievements of Æneas to

avenge the death of the son of his host and ally; his grief on beholding the youthful Pallas killed in the flower of his age, and in the first conflict in which he was ever engaged; and, lastly, the honors he pays to his corpse when he sends it to Evander.

It is here that we may remark one of those affecting comparisons, * by means of which Virgil, after

* These comparisons are beauties which appear to be the exclusive portion of poetry, but in my opinion painting might likewise obtain from them great effect. For example, when a painter represents in the fore-ground of a battle-piece, a young man of an interesting character, killed, and extended on the ground, he might place near him some beautiful wild plant, analogous to his character, with its stalk broken, and its flowers drooping. If it were a picture of a modern battle, he might mutilate, and, if I may so express myself, kill in it vegetables of a higher order, such as a fruit tree, or even an oak; for our cannon-balls make much greater havoc in our fields than the arrows and the javelins of the ancients. They plough the surface of the hills, lay waste the forests, cut down young trees, and carry off large splinters from the trunks of the oldest oaks. As far as I recollect, I have never observed any of these effects in the pictures of modern battles. They are however, extremely common in our wars, and strengthen the impressions of terror which painters propose to excite by representing subjects of that kind. The desolation of a country has still more expression than groups of dead and dying. The shattered groves, the black furrows in the meadows, and the broken rocks exhibit the effects of the fury of men, which extend even to the ancient monuments of nature. You discover in them the wrath of kings which is their last resource, according to the inscription on their cannon: *Ultima ratio regum.* It would likewise be possible to express in the whole extent of a battle-piece the report of the artillery, which is repeated by the vallies to the

the example of Homer, diminishes the horror of his pictures of battles, and heightens their effect, by introducing into them consonances with beings of another order. Alluding to the beauty of the youthful Pallas, which death itself has not yet tarnished, he says:

Qualem virgineo demessam pollice florem
Seu mollis violæ, seu languentis hyacinthi,
Cui neque fulgor adhuc, necdum sua forma recessit;
Non jam mater alit tellus, viresque ministrat.
Æneid. lib. XI. v. 68—71.

There like a flow'r he lay, with beauty crown'd,
Pluck'd by some lovely virgin from the ground:
The root no more the mother earth supplies,
Yet still th' unfading color charms the eyes.
Pitt's Virgil.

Remark another consonance with the death of Pallas. To intimate that the flowers sustain no diminution of their beauty when plucked from their stem, Virgil represents them as being gathered by the hand of a young virgin. From the lovely image results a dreadful contrast with the javelin of Turnus, which, penetrating the shield of Pallas, had transfixed his breast, and killed him at a single blow.

After representing the grief of Evander on beholding the body of his son, and the despair of the

distance of several leagues, by representing in the background, the terrified shepherds retiring with their flocks, the birds directing their flight towards the horizon, and the deer scared out of the woods. Physical consonances heighten moral sensations, especially when they pass from one kingdom of nature to another.

unhappy father, imploring the vengeance of Æneas, Virgil makes the death of Pallas lead to the conclusion of the war, and of his poem Turnus, vanquished in single combat by Æneas, yields to him the victory, the empire, the princess Lavinia, and intreats him to be satisfied with such great sacrifices; but the Trojan king, who is inclined to spare his life, perceiving the belt of Pallas, of which Turnus stripped that young prince after he had killed him, plunges his sword into his body, exclaiming:

——— Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat, et pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.
Æneid. lib. XII *v.* 948.

Go then a victim to his spirit, go,
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives the fatal blow.
Pitt's Virgil.

Thus the Arcadians had an influence every way over the historical monuments, the religious traditions, the first wars, and the origin of the Roman empire.

It is evident that the age of the Arcadians, of which I am treating, was not a fabulous age I therefore collected all the pleasing images relative to them and their country, which have been left us by the poets, as well as by the most authentic historical traditions, which I found in considerable number in the Tour through Greece by Pausanias, in the works of Plutarch, and Xenophon's Retreat of the Ten Thousand, so that I had selected, concerning Arcadia, all that is most lovely in Nature, in our climates, and all that is most probable in the history of antiquity.

Rousseau.

While I was engaged in this agreeable research, I became personally acquainted with J. J. Rousseau. We very often walked out together in summer in the environs of Paris. I was highly delighted with his company. He had not the vanity of most men of letters, who are always desirous to chain down others to their own ideas, and still less that of people of fashion, who look upon a man of letters as a creature made for the purpose of amusing them with his prattle. He shared the profits and the expence of conversation, speaking in his turn, and suffering others to speak in theirs. He even left them the choice of a subject, regulating himself by their standard, with such unassuming good-nature, that among those who were not acquainted with him, the vulgar took him for an ordinary man, and persons of rank or fashion looked upon him as far inferior to themselves; for with the latter he spoke but little, or on few subjects. For this reason he has frequently been accused of pride by people of fashion, who charge with their own vices such men as possessing independence without fortune, refuse to bow the neck to their yoke. Among the many anecdotes which I could relate in support of the foregoing assertion, that the vulgar took him for an ordinary man, here is one which will convince the reader of his habitual modesty.

The same day that we had been to dine with the hermits of Mont Valerien, as I have related in a note towards the conclusion of the Fourteenth Study, as we were returning in the afternoon to Paris, we were overtaken by a shower near the Bois de Boulogne, opposite the gate of Maillot. We entered for the purpose of taking shelter under the chesnut

trees, which were beginning to have leaves, for it was in the Easter holidays. Under these trees we found a great number of people, seeking shelter like ourselves. One of the boys belonging to the porter, who likewise kept a house of public entertainment, perceiving Rousseau, came up to him, quite overjoyed, and said: "Why, good man, where do you come from? What a long time it is since we saw you!" Rousseau calmly replied: "The reason is because my wife has been long ill, and I have been unwell myself."—"Poor fellow!" rejoined the lad, "you are not comfortable here; come along, and I will find room for you in the house." He accordingly conducted us to a room up stairs, where, notwithstanding the crowd, he procured chairs, a table, bread and wine. By the way I said to Jean Jaques: "This lad appears to be very familiar with you. I suppose he does not know who you are."—"O yes," answered he, "we have been acquainted several years. In summertime my wife and I come now and then, of an evening, to eat a chop here."

The expression of "good man," pronounced with such sincerity by the publican's boy, who, undoubtedly, had long taken Rousseau for a man belonging to some mechanical profession; his joy at seeing him again, and his eagerness to serve him, proved to me how much good-nature the sublime author of Emilius actually mingled even with the most indifferent actions.

Far from attempting to shine in the eyes of those with whom he chanced to fall into company, he himself admitted, with a humility very uncommon and in my opinion extremely unjust, that he was

not fit to mingle in large companies. "The weakest argument," said he to me one day, "is sufficient to overthrow me. My apprehension is always half an hour behind that of others. I know what answer I ought to make precisely when it is too late."

This slowness of reflexion proceeded not from "a maxillary gravity," as a very estimable writer in other respects observes in the prospectus of a new edition of Rousseau's works, but from his natural equity, which would not suffer him to give an opinion on the most insignificant subject, till he had examined it; from his genius, which considered it on every side, in order to be thoroughly acquainted with it; and, finally, from his modesty, which forbade the theatrical tone and the oracular sentences * of our conversations. He appeared among

* Such were the personal reasons he might have for speaking but little in company; but I have no doubt that he had others much stronger with respect to our societies themselves. I find these general reasons so ably deduced in the excellent chapter of Montaigne's Essays, *On the Art of Conversing*, that I cannot forbear quoting a few lines, in the hope of inducing the reader to peruse the whole.

"As the understanding acquires strength by communication with vigorous and sound minds, it is impossible to say how much it loses and degenerates by continual commerce and intercourse with such as are base and sickly. There is no contagion that spreads like this, as I know by abundant experience. I love to argue and to converse, but only with few persons, and for myself; for, to serve as a spectacle to the great, or to take delight in making a parade of one's talent and understanding is, in my opinion, a trade highly unbecoming a man of honor."

It is in fact for men of letters to act the same part among

our wits with his simplicity, like a young female with her natural colors, among women who bedaub

the great, as the Greek freedmen, who were mostly scholars and philosophers, performed among the Romans.

So much for the active conversation of a man of honor with the great world, and a few pages farther we find the following reflections on passive conversation:

"The gravity, the profession, and the fortune of the speaker, frequently obtain credit for the vainest absurdities. It is to be presumed that a man so courted and so feared, must possess some other intrinsic merit besides popularity, and that one to whom are given so many offices and posts, who is so haughty and disdainful, has talents far superior to those of the other who bows to him at such a distance, and whom nobody employs. Not only the words, but even the gestures of these people procure them consideration, each person endeavoring to give them some fair and favorable interpretation. If they condescend to engage in common conversation, and they meet with any thing but approbation and reverence, they crush you with the authority of their experience. They have heard, they have seen, they have done; you are overwhelmed with examples."

What then would Montaigne have said in an age when so many little folks imagine themselves great: when each has two, three, four titles to increase his importance, or those who have none entrench themselves under those who have. Most of them, indeed, begin by throwing themselves at the feet of a man who obtains distinction, but they finish by climbing upon his shoulders. I say nothing of those important beings who, insinuating themselves into the confidence of a writer, by affecting to render him a service, interpose between him and the sources of public favor, in order to reduce him to a dependence upon them, and who become his enemies, if he refuses the misery of being protected by them. The happy Montaigne was not in want of fortune. But what would he have said of these men, devoid of feeling, so common among all ranks, who, to rouze themselves from their lethargy, seek the society of some celebrated author, and wait in silence to hear him utter,

their faces with white and rouge. Still less would he have sought to make himself a spectacle to the

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every time he opens his mouth, novel ideas, or *bon mots*; who have not even the sense to know, or the understanding to remark them, unless they are pronounced in a tone that engages their attention, or they see them extolled in the journals; and who, finally, if they even happen to be struck with them, often have the malignity to attach to them a different or dangerous sense, for the purpose of diminishing a reputation which gives them umbrage. Assuredly if Michael Montaigne himself had appeared in our circles, as nothing but simple Michael, notwithstanding his exquisite judgment, and his extensive erudition, which he applied so seasonably, he would every where have been reduced to silence like Jean Jaques. On this subject I have been rather prolix for the honor of the authors of Emile and of the Essays. They have both been reproached with being reserved and uninteresting in conversation, and egotists in their works, but as unjustly in the latter point as in the former. It is mankind whom they invariably describe in their own persons; and I find that when they speak of themselves they speak likewise of me.

But to return to Jean Jaques. He most sincerely shunned vanity. He ascribed his reputation, not to his person, but to certain natural truths diffused through his writings; in other respects he entertained no high opinion of himself. I related to him one day that a young lady had been telling me how happy she should be, to perform for him the menial offices of a servant. "Yes," replied he, "that I might harangue her in the manner of Emile for six or seven hours together." I have oftener than once had occasion to contest some of his opinions; so far from being angry, he always acknowledged his error with pleasure, as soon as I had convinced him of it.

Of this I shall mention one example, should I even be accused in my turn of vanity, though, in truth, my only motive is to exculpate Rousseau. "Why," said I to him one day, "have you spoken in Emile of the serpent in the Deluge by Poussin, as the principal object in that picture?

great; but in the tête-à-tête, in the freedom of intimacy, and on subjects which were familiar to

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it is the child whom the mother is lifting upon a rock." After a moment's reflection, he replied: "Yes, yes, you are right: I am mistaken. It is the child; certainly, it is the child:" and he appeared quite rejoiced that I had led him to make the observation. But he had no occasion for my feeble remarks to discover his errors. "If," said he one day, "I were to publish a new edition of my works, I would soften those passages that relate to medical men. There is no profession that requires so much assiduous study as their's. In every country it is they who possess the greatest portion of real science." On another occasion he said: "In my quarrels with Hume I treated him with rather too much asperity. But the gloomy climate of England, the state of my affairs, and the persecutions I had so recently experienced in France, all conspired to plunge me into melancholy." More than once he has said to me: "I have loved celebrity, I acknowledge; but," he would add with a sigh, "God has punished me in the very point in which I have sinned."

Nevertheless, truly estimable persons have found fault with him even for the disadvantageous things he has said of himself in his Confessions. What then would they have said, had he, like so many others, pronounced in them an indirect panegyric on himself? The more humiliating are the faults of which he accuses himself, the more sublime is his acknowledgment of them. There are, I admit, certain passages in which he may be accused of indiscretion towards others: especially when he speaks of the indelicate passions of his inconstant benefactress, Madame de Warens. But I have reason to think that his posthumous works have been altered in more than one place. It is possible that he may not have named her in his manuscript; and if he did, he conceived he might do it without injury, because she left behind her no posterity. Besides, he every where speaks of her with interest. In the midst of her irregularities, he draws the attention of the reader to the qualities

him, especially such as related to the happiness of men, his soul soared aloft, his sentiments became

of her soul. Finally, he considered it his duty to speak well and ill of the characters in his history, after the example of the most celebrated historians of antiquity. Tacitus says positively, at the commencement of his History, in the first book: "I have no reason to love or to hate Otho, Galba, or Vitellius. It is true that I owe my fortune to Vespasian, as well as my farther advancement to his children, but in writing history, it behoves us to forget favors as well as injuries." In fact, Tacitus reproaches his benefactor, Vespasian, with avarice and other vices. Jean Jaques, who had taken for his motto: *Vitam impendere vero*, might have prided himself as much in his love of truth in his own history, as Tacitus in that of the Roman emperors.

I would not have it understood that I approve of the unreserved frankness of Rousseau, in an order of society like the present, or that I do not think him reprehensible for the inequality of his temper, the inconsistencies in his works, and certain parts of his conduct, since he himself made them public for the purpose of condemning them. But where is the man, where is the writer, above all, where is the unfortunate person, who has not some errors to reproach himself with? Jean Jaques has agitated questions so susceptible of arguments *pro* and *contra*; his soul was at the same time so great, and his circumstances were so wretched; he had necessities so pressing, and friends so deceitful, that he was frequently obliged to deviate from the ordinary track. But even when he goes astray, and falls a victim either to others or to himself, you see him on every occasion forgetful of his own wretchedness, and bestowing his whole attention on that of mankind; he is every where the defender of their rights, and the advocate of the distressed. On his tomb might be inscribed those affecting words of a book on which he has pronounced such a sublime eulogy, and a few favorite pages of which he always carried about him, in the last years of his life: *His sins which are many are forgiven, for he loved much.*

affecting, his ideas profound, his images sublime, and his words as impassioned as his writings.

But what I considered as far superior to his genius was his integrity. He was one of the small number of men of letters, tried by misfortune, to whom you might without danger communicate your most secret thoughts. You had nothing to fear from malignity, if he deemed them censurable, nor from infidelity if they appeared happy.

One afternoon, when we had been walking in the Bois de Boulogne, I led the conversation to a subject which made a deep impression on my heart ever since I had the use of reason. We had been speaking of Amyot's translation of Plutarch's Lives of Illustrious Men, a work which he most highly esteemed, in which he had been taught to read when a child, and which, in my opinion, was the germ of his eloquence and his antique virtues, such is the influence of early education over the rest of life. I said to him: "I should like to see a history of your writing."

Rousseau. I once felt a powerful inclination to write that of Cosmo de Medicis. He was a private individual, who became the sovereign of his fellow-citizens, by rendering them more happy. He elevated and upheld himself only by the benefits he conferred. I wrote a few pages, but I soon relinquished the work; I have not the talent for writing history.

Author. How happens it, that with such a strong desire to promote the felicity of mankind, you have not been tempted to form a happy republic? I have known many persons of every country and of every condition, who would have joined you.

Rousseau. Oh! I had too much experience of mankind.—Then looking at me, after a moment's silence, he added in a tone as if half displeased: I have several times requested you never to say any thing to me on that subject.

Author. But why have you not begun with some Europeans without country and without fortune, in some uninhabited island in the South Sea, an establishment like that formed by William Penn, in North America, in the midst of the Savages?

Rousseau. What a difference between his age and ours! At the time of Penn there were believers; now men are infidels.—I should like much to live in a society such as I figure to myself, as one of its ordinary members, but I would not for the world hold any office in it, and still less be its chief. I learned to do myself justice long ago; I am unfit for any post whatever.

Author. You would have found abundance of people ready to execute your orders.

Rousseau. Oh! let me intreat you to speak of something else.

Author. I have conceived the idea of writing the history of the people of Arcadia. They are not indolent shepherds, like those of the Lignon.

Rousseau (with a smile.) Now you mention the shepherds of the Lignon, said he, I once made an excursion to Forez, on purpose to see the country of Celadon and Astrea, of which d'Urfey has drawn such charming pictures. Instead of amorous swains, I found on the banks of the Lignon nothing but blacksmiths, forgemen, and iron-workers.

Author. What in such a delightful country?

Rousseau. It is full of nothing else but forges. It was this journey to Forez that undeceived me. Previous to that time, not a year passed without my reading Astrea from beginning to end. I was perfectly familiar with all the characters in that performance. Thus science robs us of our pleasures.

Author. Oh! my Arcadians resemble neither your blacksmiths, nor the imaginary shepherds of d'Urfey, who are engaged both night and day in nothing but making love, while they are exposed internally to all the consequences of indolence, and externally to the invasions of their neighbors. Mine exercise all the arts of rural life. There are among them shepherds, husbandmen, fishermen, and vine-dressers. They employ, in the most advantageous manner, all the sites of their country, diversified with mountains, plains, lakes and rocks. Their manners are patriarchal, as in the early ages of the world. In their republics are no priests, no soldiers, no slaves; for they are so religious, that every father of a family is a priest; so warlike, that each inhabitant is always ready to defend his country without pay; and so equal, that they have not even menial servants. The children are brought up in obedience to their parents. Never is the poison of ambition, under the name of emulation, instilled into their minds, nor are they taught to surpass each other; but, on the contrary, they are exercised in the performance of good offices of every kind; they are instructed to obey their parents; to prefer father, mother, a friend, a mistress to themselves, and their country to every other consideration. There no quarrels arise among the

young men, excepting disputes between lovers; but Virtue frequently summons the citizens to the assemblies of the people, to deliberate on measures calculated to promote the public weal. They elect by plurality of votes their magistrates, who govern the state as a family, being invested at one and the same time with the functions of peace, of war, and of religion. From their union results a force so strong, that they have invariably repelled all the powers that have attempted to subvert their liberty.

In their country are seen no monuments, useless, ostentatious, disgusting, or terrific; neither colonnades, nor triumphal arches, hospitals, nor prisons; no horrid gibbets on the hills, or at the entrance of their towns; but a bridge across a torrent, a well in the midst of a parched plain, a grove of fruit-trees on a wild mountain, around a little temple whose vestibule affords shelter to the traveller, announce, in the most desert places, the humanity of the inhabitants. Simple inscriptions on the bark of a beech tree, or on a rugged rock, transmit to posterity the memory of great citizens, and the remembrance of good actions. With these beneficent manners, religion speaks an invariable language to every heart. There is not a mountain or a river but what is consecrated to a Deity, and bears his name; not a fountain but what has its Naïad; not a flower, not a bird, but what is the result of some ancient and affecting metamorphosis. Their whole system of physics is comprised in religious sentiments, and their whole system of religion in the monuments of nature. Death itself, which poisons so many pleasures, there presents only con-

solatory prospects. The tombs of their ancestors are surrounded by groves of myrtle, cypress, and fir-trees. Their descendants, whose love towards them ends but with their life, repair, amidst their pleasures and their pains, to decorate them with flowers, and to invoke their manes, persuaded that they preside continually over their destinies. The past, the present, and the future, bind all the members of this society in the chains of the law of Nature, so that there it is equally agreeable to live or to die.

Such was the vague idea which I gave Jean Jaques of the plan of my work. He was delighted with it. Oftener than once, in our walks, we made it the subject of our most pleasing conversations. Sometimes he invented incidents of exquisite simplicity, of which I availed myself. One day he persuaded me to change entirely the plan of my performance. "You ought," said he to me, "to suppose some principal action in your history, such as that of a person travelling for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of mankind. This will give rise to circumstances diversified and agreeable. Besides, you ought to oppose to the state of nature of the people of Arcadia, the state of corruption of some other nation, that you may exhibit your pictures, by means of the contrast, to greater advantage."

This advice was to me a ray of light, which produced another. I was sensible that I ought, by all means, to oppose to these two pictures that of the barbarism of a third people, in order to represent the three successive states, which most nations pass through—that of barbarism, of nature, and of cor-

ruption. Thus I had a complete harmony of the three ordinary periods of human societies.

To represent a state of barbarism, I chose Gaul, as a country whose beginnings of every kind cannot fail to be the most interesting to us, because the first state of a people exercises an influence over every period of its duration, and even during its decline, as the education received by the infant from the breast, has an influence even over the decrepitude of age. Nay, it would appear that at the last-mentioned period the habits of infancy again appear with greater force than those of the other portions of life, as I have observed in the preceding studies. The first impressions erase the last. The character of nations is formed, like that of man, from the very cradle. Rome, in her decline, retained that spirit of universal dominion by which she was swayed from her foundation.

I found the principal characters of the manners and of the religion of the Gauls ready sketched in Cæsar's Commentaries, in Plutarch, in the manners of the Germans by Tacitus, and in various modern works on the mythology of the northern nations.

I placed the period of my history several centuries prior to Julius Cæsar, that I might have to delineate a character more strongly marked with barbarism, and resembling what we have found among the savage nations of North America. I fixed the commencement of the civilization of our ancestors at the destruction of Troy, which was likewise the epoch, and without doubt the cause, of many great revolutions over the whole world. The nations of which mankind is composed, how-

ever they may appear to be divided by languages, religions, customs, and climates, are in constant equilibrium, like the various seas which compose the ocean, under different latitudes. No great commotion can take place in one of those seas, but it is communicated more or less to all the others; they all tend to place themselves on a level. A nation likewise bears the same relation to mankind, as a man to the nation of which he belongs. When this man dies, another is born in his stead. In like manner, no sooner is a state swept from the face of the earth, than another springs up. This we have witnessed in our own time, when the greatest part of the republic of Poland was dismembered in the north of Europe, and annexed to the three contiguous states, Russia, Prussia, and Austria. Soon afterwards the greatest part of the English colonies of North America, separated from the mother country, and formed themselves into a republic: and as there was in Europe a portion of Poland that was not dismembered, so there was in America a portion of the English colonies that was not separated from Great Britain.

The same political reactions are to be found in every country and in every age. When the empire of the Greeks was overturned in 1453, on the shores of the Euxine, it was immediately replaced by that of the Turks; and when Troy was destroyed in Asia under Priam, the Roman empire sprung up in Italy under Æneas.

But this total ruin of Troy produced many smaller revolutions among the rest of the human race, and especially in Europe.

Account of the author's plan.

I opposed to the state of barbarism of the Gauls, that of the corruption of Egypt, which was then at its highest state of civilization. It is at the epoch of the siege of Troy, that many of the learned fix the brilliant reign of Sesostris. This opinion, adopted by Fenelon in his Telemachus, was a sufficient authority for my work. I likewise chose for my travellers conformably to the advice of Jean Jaques, a native of Egypt; induced by this consideration that, in ancient times, many institutions both political and religious, were transplanted from Egypt to Greece, to Italy, and even directly to Gaul, as history and many of our ancient customs attest. This is another consequence of political reactions. When a state has attained its highest degree of elevation, it has arrived at the first stage of decay, because human things begin to decline as soon as they have reached the summit of their greatness. It is then that arts, sciences, manners, languages begin to flow from barbarous to civilized states, as is demonstrated by the age of Alexander among the Greeks, of Augustus among the Romans, and of Louis XIV. among us.

Thus I had oppositions of character between the Gauls, the Arcadians and the Egyptians. But Arcadia alone afforded me a great number of contrasts with the rest of Greece, which was still half barbarous, between the peaceful manners of its cultivators, and the discordant characters of the heroes of Pylos, of Mycenæ, and of Argos; between the charming adventures of its simple and ingenuous swains, and the tremendous catastrophes of Iphigenia, of Electra, and of Clytemnestra.

Account of the author's plan.

I divided the subject of my work into twelve books, and made of it a kind of epic poem, not according to the laws of Aristotle, and those of our modern writers, who assert, after his example, that an epic poem should contain only one principal action of the life of the hero; but according to the laws of Nature, and the manner adopted by the Chinese, who frequently introduce into it the whole life of a hero, which, in my opinion, is more satisfactory. I nevertheless followed the example of Homer, for if I deviated from the plan of his Iliad, I approached the more closely to that of his Odyssey.

ARCADIA.

BOOK I.

THE GAULS.

A SHORT time before the autumnal equinox, Tyrtæus, a shepherd of Arcadia, was tending his flock on a declivity of Mount Lyceum, which extends along the gulf of Messenia. He was seated beneath pine-trees, at the foot of a rock, where he beheld the distant sea agitated by the south winds. Its olive-colored waves were whitened with the spray which was thrown upon the beach. Fishing vessels, alternately appearing and disappearing between the surges, ventured to seek for safety by running ashore, while large vessels, with sails bending under the violence of the wind, stood off for fear of being wrecked. At the bottom of the bay, groups of women and children raised their hands towards heaven, and uttered loud shrieks at the sight of the danger incurred by the unfortunate mariners, and of the tremendous billows which broke bellowing against the rocks of Steniclaros. The echoes of Mount Lyceum repeated their harsh and confused sounds with such truth, that Tyrtæus sometimes turned his head, under the idea that the sea was breaking against the summit of the mountain. But the cries of the coots and the sea-mews

which flew thither for refuge, and the lightnings which flashed across the horizon, convinced him that security was on the shore, and that the storm raged with still greater violence at a distance than it appeared to do near at hand. Tyrtæus pitied the lot of the mariner, and blessed the lot of the shepherd, which in some measure resembles that of the Gods, since it placed tranquillity in his heart and the tempest under his feet. While he was thus indulging the sentiments of gratitude towards heaven, two men, of handsome persons, appeared on the high road, which passed near the foot of the mountain below him. One of them was in the vigor of manhood, and the other in the flower of youth. They walked with rapid steps, like travellers hastening towards the place of their destination. When they were within hearing, the eldest asked Tyrtæus if they were not in the road to Argos. The wind rustling among the pine-trees prevented Tyrtæus from hearing what he said, the youngest ran up to the shepherds, and cried: "Father, is not this the road to Argos?"—"I know not where Argos is, my son," replied Tyrtæus. "You are in Arcadia, on the road to Tegæa; and the towers you see yonder in the valley are those of Bellemina." While they were speaking, a young and wanton spaniel which accompanied the stranger, perceiving among the flock a goat perfectly white, ran up to play with her; but the goat, being frightened at the sight of this animal, whose eyes were covered with hair, ran off towards the summit of the mountain, whither the spaniel pursued her. The young man called back his dog, which immediately came cringing to his feet, and wagging his tail. He put

a cord round his neck, and begging the shepherd to hold it, set off himself after the goat, which still kept running. His dog seeing him go, struggled so violently, that he got loose from Tyrtæus with the cord, and ran away so swiftly after his master, that the goat, the traveller, and the dog, were soon out of sight.

The stranger, who had remained on the high road, was preparing to follow his companion, when the shepherd said to him: "Sir, the weather is rough, night approaches, the forest and the mountain are full of bogs, in which you might lose your way. Come and rest yourself a little in my hut, which is at no great distance. I am sure that my goat, which is very tame, will return of herself, and will bring your friend back, if he does not lose sight of her." At the same time he played on his pipe, and the flock began to ascend by a foot-path towards the top of the mountain. A large he-goat marched at the head of the flock; he was followed by six she-goats, whose udders hung down to the ground; next came twelve ewes, accompanied by their lambs; and a she-ass with her foal closed the troop.

The stranger followed Tyrtæus without uttering a word. They ascended about six hundred paces over an open green, interspersed with broom and rosemary; and as they entered the forest of oaks, which crowns the summit of mount Lyceum, they heard the barking of a dog. They soon perceived the spaniel, followed by his master carrying the white goat on his shoulders. "My son," said Tyrtæus to the young man; "though this goat is dearer to me than any in my flock, I would rather have

lost her than you should have fatigued yourself with pursuing her; but this night you shall repose, if you please, with me; and to morrow, if you chuse to continue your journey, I will shew you the road to Tegæa, where you will be put into the way to Argos. Nevertheless, gentlemen, I must tell you, that you must not depart to-morrow from this place. To-morrow is the festival of Jupiter on Mount Lyceum, to which people assemble from all Arcadia, and from a great part of Greece. If you will accompany me to it, you will render me more agreeable to Jupiter, when I shall present myself with my guests to adore at his altar."—"O kind shepherd," replied the young stranger, "we willingly accept your hospitality for this night; but to-morrow, at day-break, we must continue our route towards Argos. We have long struggled against the tempestuous sea to reach that city, celebrated over the whole earth for its temples and for its palaces, and for being the residence of the great Agamemnon."

Having thus spoken, they traversed part of the forest of Mount Lyceum towards the east, and descended into a little valley, sheltered from the winds. Soft, fresh grass covered the sides of the hills. At the bottom ran a stream called Acheloüs,* which discharges itself into the river Al-

* There were several rivers and streams of that name in Greece. This stream, which issued from Mount Lyceum, must not be confounded with the river of the same name that descended from Pindus, and separated Etolia from Acarnania. This river Achelous, according to the fable, transformed himself into a bull, to dispute with Hercules

pheus, whose islands, covered with alder and lime-trees are discovered at a distance in the plain. The trunk of an aged willow, overthrown by the hand of time, served for a bridge across the Acheloüs, and this bridge had no rails but tall reeds that grew on either side: but the stream, whose bed was bestrewed with rocks, might easily be passed dry-shod, and the bridge was so little used, that the convolvulus covered it almost entirely with its heart-shaped leaves, and its white flowers like bells.

At some distance from this bridge was the habitation of Tyrtæus. It was a small, thatched house, built in the centre of an open green. Two poplars shaded it towards the west. On the south side a

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the possession of Dejanira, daughter of Œneus, king of Etolia. But Hercules, having seized him by one of his horns, broke it, and the disarmed river was obliged to give one of the horns of the goat Amalthea to recover that which he had himself lost. The Greeks veiled natural truths under ingenious fables. The meaning of this was as follows:—The Greeks gave the name Acheloüs to several rivers, from the word Ἀγέλη, which signifies a herd of oxen, either on account of the bellowing of their waters, or rather because their heads usually separate like those of oxen into horns or branches, which facilitate their influx into each other, or into the sea, as we have observed in the preceding Studies. The Acheloüs being subject to overflow, Hercules, a friend of Œneus, king of Etolia, dug a channel from this river, according to Strabo, which diminished one of its branches, and occasioned it to be said that Hercules had broken one of its horns. But as, on the other hand, this channel rendered the country still more fertile, the Greeks added, that Acheloüs gave in exchange for the bull's horn that of the goat Amalthea, which, as is well known, was the symbol of abundance.

vine surrounded the door and the windows with its purple clusters, and with leaves already the color of fire. Aged ivy covered on the north with its evergreen foliage part of a flight of steps, which led on the outside to the upper story.

As soon as the flock approached the house, the cattle began to bleat, according to custom. A young maiden was immediately seen coming down the steps, carrying under her arm a vessel for milking. Her robe was of white wool; her auburn hair was turned up under a hat made of the bark of the lime-tree, her legs and feet were uncovered, except by sandals, according to the custom of the females of Arcadia. By her shape you would have taken her for one of the nymphs of Diana: by her vase for the Naïad of a stream; but from her timidity it might easily be perceived that she was a shepherdess. As soon as she perceived the strangers, she hung down her head and blushed.

Tyrtæus said to her: "Cyanea, my daughter, make haste and milk the goats, and prepare our repast, while I heat water to wash the feet of these travellers whom Jupiter has sent us." In the mean time he invited the strangers to rest themselves at the foot of the vine, on a bank of turf. Cyanea, kneeling upon the grass, milked the goats which had crowded round her, and when she had finished she conducted the flock to the fold, which was at one end of the house.—Tyrtæus meanwhile heated water, and washed the feet of his guests, after which he invited them to enter.

It was already dark, but a lamp suspended from the ceiling, in the middle of the habitation, sufficiently illumined the interior. On the walls

hung shepherd's pipes, scrips, crooks, moulds for making cheese, and on shelves were ranged baskets of fruit and bowls of milk. Over the door was a small earthen statue of the bountiful Ceres, and above that of the sheep-fold the figure of the god Pan, carved out of the root of an olive tree.

The travellers having entered, Cyanea spread the table, and placed upon it lettuces, loaves of wheaten bread, a flask of wine, a cream-cheese, new-laid eggs, and figs of the second crop, white and violet-colored. She brought near the table four seats of oak, and covered that of her father with the skin of a wolf he had himself killed in the chase. She then went up stairs, and returned with two sheep-skins, but while she was spreading them over the seats of the travellers, she burst into tears. "My dear-girl," said her father, "will you ever remain inconsolable for the loss of your mother? Can you never touch any thing that she has used without shedding tears?" Cyanea made no reply, but, turning towards the wall, she wiped her eyes. Tyrtæus offered up a prayer and a libation to Jupiter, and desiring his guests to be seated, they all began to eat, preserving the most profound silence.

When they had finished their repast, Tyrtæus thus addressed the travellers: "My dear guests, had *you entered the house of any other inhabitant* of Arcadia, or had passed this way some years ago, you had met with much better fare. But I have been smitten with the hand of Jove. On a neighboring hill I had a garden which supplied me in all seasons with vegetables and excellent fruit: it is now confounded with the forest. This solitary

valley resounded with the lowing of my cattle. In my house you would have heard, both morning and evening, nothing but merry songs and shouts of joy. I have seen around this table three sons and four daughters. The youngest of my boys was able to tend a flock of sheep, and my Cyanea dressed her little sisters, and already supplied the place of a mother to them. My wife, industrious and still young, maintained around me throughout the whole year gaiety, peace and abundance. But the loss of my eldest son has occasioned that of almost my whole family. He prided himself, like a young man, in shewing his agility in climbing to the top of the highest trees. His mother, in whom these exercises excited the utmost terror, begged him several times to desist from them. I had predicted that some misfortune would befal him. Alas! the gods punished me for my indiscreet predictions, by fulfilling them. One summer's day when my son was in the forest tending the flock with his brothers, the youngest of them expressed a longing for some of the fruit of a wild cherry-tree. The eldest immediately climbed the tree to gather some; and when he was at the top, which was very high, he perceived his mother not far off, and she, seeing him at the same moment, gave a shriek of terror, and fell senseless on the ground. At this sight, fear or remorse *seized my unfortunate* son, and he fell. His mother being brought to herself by the cries of her children, ran towards him; in vain she endeavored to revive him in her arms; the wretched youth fixed his eyes upon her, pronounced her name and mine, and expired. Grief in a few days brought my wife to an untimely grave.

The attachment of my children to each other was equalled only by their affection for their mother. They all died of grief for the loss of her and of one another. What a difficult task have I had to preserve her who is still left me!"

Thus spoke Tyrtæus, and his eyes overflowed with tears in spite of his efforts to repress them. Cyanea threw herself upon her father's neck, and mingling her tears with his, pressed him in her embrace, incapable of utterance. "Cyanea, my dear daughter, my only consolation," said Tyrtæus, "cease to distress yourself. We shall see them again; they are with the gods." He said, and serenity was once more diffused over his countenance, and that of his daughter. With a tranquil air she poured wine into all the cups; then bringing a spinning-wheel, with a distaff covered with wool, she sat down by her father; she began to spin, looking at him tenderly, and leaning against his knees.

In the meantime the two strangers were melted into tears. At length the younger thus addressed Tyrtæus: "Had we been admitted into the palace and to the table of Agamemnon, at the moment when, covered with glory, he again beheld his daughter Iphigenia, and his wife Clytemnestra, who had so long sighed for his return, we should not have seen or heard any thing so affecting as what we here witness. O benevolent shepherd! it must be confessed you have met with great misfortunes, but if my friend Cephas, who has travelled a great deal, would describe those which overwhelm men all over the world, you would pass the night in listening to him, and in blessing your

lot. To how many inquietudes are you a stranger in the midst of these peaceful retreats! You here live free; Nature has supplied all your wants! paternal love renders you happy, and a mild religion soothes all your pains."

"My son," said Cephas to his young friend, "relate to us your own misfortunes. Tyrtæus will listen to you with greater interest than he would to me. In manhood virtue is often the fruit of reason, but in youth it is always the result of sentiment."

Tyrtæus addressing himself to the young stranger, said: "At my age people sleep but little. If you are not too much fatigued, I shall listen to you with great pleasure. I was never out of my own country, but I love and honor strangers; they are under the protection of Jupiter and Mercury. Something useful may always be learned from them. You must, I presume, have experienced great affliction in your native country, to have been induced so young to quit your parents, with whom it is so delightful to live and die."

"Though it is difficult," replied the young man, "always to speak of one's self with sincerity, you have given us such an hospitable reception, that I will with pleasure relate to you all my adventures, both good and bad.

"My name is Amasis. I was born at Thebes, in Egypt. My father, who was rich, had me educated by the priests of the temple of Osiris. They taught me all the sciences that Egypt can boast of, the sacred language by means of which we communicate with past ages, and the Greek tongue, by which we maintain a correspondence with the na-

tions of Europe. But what is far superior to sciences and languages, they taught me to be just, to speak the truth, to fear nothing but the gods, and to prefer to every other consideration that glory which is acquired by virtue.

"This last sentiment gained strength as I advanced in years. The Trojan war had long been the only subject of conversation in Egypt. The names of Achilles, of Hector, and of the other heroes disturbed my rest. I would have purchased one single day of their renown with the sacrifice of my whole life. I thought my countryman Memnon supremely happy, who had fallen on the walls of Troy, and for whom a splendid monument was erected at Thebes. * What do I say? I would

* Memnon, the son of Tython and Aurora, was killed at the siege of Troy by Achilles. A magnificent monument was erected to his memory at Thebes, in Egypt, where its ruins are still to be seen on the banks of the Nile, in a place called by the ancients Memnonium, and by the modern Arabs Medinet-Abu, that is, city of the father. Here are seen colossal fragments of his statue, whence formerly issued harmonious sounds at the rising of Aurora.

I purpose to introduce here a few observations on the sound produced by this statue, because it is particularly interesting to the study of nature. In the first place, the fact itself cannot be doubted. The English traveller, Richard Pocock, who visited, in 1738, the remains of Memnonium, of which he has given a description as circumstantial as can be expected at the present day, quotes the authority of various ancient writers relative to the wonderful effects of the statue of Memnon, of which the substance is as follows:

Strabo says that in the Memnonium there were among other colossal figures, two statues at a little distance from

illingly have given my body to be transformed to the statue of a hero, provided it were to be

ch other; that the upper part of one has been thrown wn, and that, once a day, a sound, similar to that produced striking upon a hard body, issued from the pedestal. e himself heard the sound when he was on the spot with Elius Gallus: but he was unable to ascertain whether it roceeded from the base, or from the statue, or from those at were round about.

Pliny, the naturalist, who was much more circumspect an is generally imagined, when reciting any extraordiary fact, relates this from public rumor, employing these abious expressions: *Narratur, ut putant, dicunt,* which he requently makes use of in his work. In treating of baltes, in his *Hist. nat. l. 36, c. 7,* he says: *Invenit eadem Egyptus in Æthiopia quem vocant basaltem, ferrei coloris et duritiæ.—Non absimilis illi narratur in Thebis, delubro Serapis, ut putant, Memnonis statuâ dicatus; quem quotidiano sole ortu contactum, radiis crepare dicunt*—"The Egyptians likewise find in Ethiopia a stone called basaltes, which has the color and the hardness of iron.—Of this same stone is said to have been made the statue of Memnon at Thebes, in the temple of Serapis, which we are told emits a sound every day, when it is touched by the rays of the rising sun."

Juvenal, so guarded against superstitions, and especially those of Egypt, adopts this fact in his 15th Satire, which is levelled against those very superstitious:

Effigies sacri nitet aurea cercopitheci,
Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ,
Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis.

"The gilded image of a sacred long-tailed monkey still glistens on the spot where resound the magic chords of the half of Memnon's statue, in ancient Thebes, buried beneath the ruins of her hundred gates."

Pausanius relates that this statue was mutilated by Cambyses; that half of the trunk lay upon the ground, and

exposed on a column to the veneration of the people.

that the other half emitted, every day at sun-rise, a sound similar to that of a bow-string, breaking from too much tension.

Philostratus speaks of it from his own knowledge. He says in his life of Apollonius of Tyanea, that the Memnonium was not only a temple, but a forum, that is, a place of very great extent, containing public squares, private buildings, &c. For in ancient times, temples had many exterior dependencies, consecrated woods, habitations for the priests, for victims, and for the reception of strangers. Philostratus asserts that he saw the statue of Memnon entire, which pre-supposes that in his time the upper part of the statue had been repaired. He represents it under the figure of a young man, sitting and looking at the rising sun. It was of black stone. Both the feet were on the same level, as in all the statues made before the time of Dædalus, who, we are told, was the first that placed the legs of statues one before the other. The two hands rested upon the thighs, as if the figure was about to rise. From the appearence of the eyes and the mouth, you would have thought that it was going to speak. Philostratus and his companions were not surprised at the attitude of this statue, because they were unacquainted with the extraordinary quality it possessed; but when the rays of the rising sun darted upon its head, they no sooner reached its mouth, than it actually spoke, which appeared to them a prodigy.

Here then is a series of grave writers, from Strabo, who lived under Augustus, to Philostratus under Caracalla and Geta, that is, for the space of more than two hundred years, who affirm that the statue of Memnon emitted a sound at the rising of the sun.

As for Pocock, who saw only half of it in 1738, he found it in the same state as Strabo had seen it about 1738 years before, excepting that no sound issued from it. He says, that it is of a particular kind of hard and porous granite, which he had never before met with, and greatly resem-

"I resolved therefore to tear myself from the enjoyments of Egypt, and of my paternal habita-

lling eagle-stone. At the distance of 50 feet towards the north, there was, as in Strabo's time, another colossal statue entire, composed of five blocks, the pedestal of which is 30 feet long and 17 broad; but the pedestal of the mutilated statue, which is that of Memnon, is 33 feet long and 19 broad. It is of a single piece, though cloven ten feet from the back of the statue. Pocock does not mention the height of these pedestals, undoubtedly because they are partly buried in sand, or rather because the perpetual and imperceptible action of gravity has sunk them into the earth, as is remarked in all the ancient monuments that are not founded upon the solid rock. This effect may even be observed with regard to the cannon and piles of balls placed on the ground in our arsenals, where they bury themselves in the course of a few years, unless they are supported by proper platforms.

The dimensions of the statue of Memnon given by Pocock are as follow:

From the sole of the foot to the ancle, 2 feet 6 inches.

From the same to the instep, 4 feet.

From the same to the top of the knee, 19 feet.

Breadth of the foot, 5 feet.

Thickness of the leg, 4 feet.

On the pedestal, the legs and the feet of the statue, he found various inscriptions in unknown characters: others, very ancient, in Greek and Latin, very rudely engraved, which are the testimonies of those who have heard the sound that it emitted.

The remains of the Memnonium exhibit to a great distance round, ruins of immense structures of uncommon architecture, excavations in the solid rock, which form part of a temple; vast walls, partly thrown down and partly standing, a pyramidal gate, avenues, square pillars surmounted with statues, whose heads are broken off, holding in one hand a lituus, and in the other a whip, like that of Osiris. Farther off, fragments of gigantic statues are scattered on the ground, heads six feet in diameter, and eleven in length

tion, in order to acquire a great reputation. Whenever I appeared in the presence of my father:

shoulders twenty-one feet broad, human ears three feet long, and sixteen inches in breadth, and other figures which seem to be starting out of the earth, nothing but their Phrygian caps being perceivable. All these gigantic works are of the most precious materials, of marble, black and white, black, and speckled with red, of black and yellow granite, and are mostly covered with hieroglyphics. What sentiments of respect and admiration must these enormous and mysterious performances have produced on a superstitious people, especially when in their retreats they heard at the first rays of Aurora, plaintive sounds issuing from a bosom of stone, and the colossal Memnon sighing at the sight of his mother.

This fact is too well attested, and was of too long continuance to be called in question. Many men of science however, have attributed it to some exterior and temporary artifice of the priests of Thebes. Nay it appears that Strabo, who himself heard the sound, insinuated as much. We know, indeed, that ventriloquists can, without moving their lips, utter words and sounds which seem to come from a great distance, though they actually produce them close to you. For my part, however durable the wonderful effect produced by the statue of Memnon may be supposed to have been, I conceive that it was produced by the rising sun, and easy to be imitated, without the necessity of renewing the artifice till the expiration of ages. It is well known that the priests of Egypt made Nature their particular study, and that they had framed a science, known by the name of magic, the knowledge of which they reserved exclusively to themselves. They were doubtless acquainted with the effect of the dilatation of metals, and among others of iron, which is shortened by cold, and lengthened by heat. They might have placed in the great base of the statue of Memnon, a long spiral iron-wire, capable from its extent, of contracting and dilating at the slightest action of cold and of heat.

This expedient would have been sufficient to produce a

'Send me,' said I, 'to the siege of Troy, that I may obtain an illustrious name among men. You

stand from metal. Their colossal statues were partly hollow, as we see from the sphynx near the pyramids of Cairo; they could place within them all kinds of machines. Nay, the stone of which the statue of Memnon was formed, being, according to Pliny, a basaltes which has the hardness and the color of iron, might very easily contract and dilate like that metal, of which it seems to be composed. It is certainly of a different nature from other stones, since Pocock, who had observed all the species of it, says that he never saw any of a similar kind. He abscribes to it a peculiar character of hardness and porosity, which applies to ferruginous stones in general. It might therefore be susceptible of contraction and dilatation, and thus have within itself a principle of motion, when the contrast between the cold of night and the first rays of the rising sun is the most powerful.

This effect must have been infallible beneath a sky like that of Upper Egypt, where it scarcely ever rains. The sounds of the statue of Memnon, at the moment when the sun appeared above the horizon of Thebes, were not then, in fact, more wonderful than the explosion of the cannon of the Palais Royal, and that of the mortar in the Botanical Garden, at the moment when the sun was passing over the meridian of Paris. With a burning-glass, tinder, and gun-powder, a statue of Jupiter might be made to discharge lightnings in the midst of a desert, any day in the year, and even any hour of the day or night that a person pleased. It would appear the more wonderful too that it should only thunder in serene weather, as thunder was always an important omen among the ancients. What prodigies might not at the present day be performed among people filled with the prejudices of superstition, by means of electricity, which, with the aid of a wire of brass or iron, strikes unseen, with such force as to kill a man with a single stroke, draws down lightning from the bosom of the clouds, and directs it to fall wherever we please? What an effect might be produced by aerostatics, that art so recently dis-

will still have my elder brother, who is sufficient to ensure you posterity. If you persist in your op-

covered by us, which by means of a globe of taffeta varnished with gum elastic, and filled with putrid air, eight or ten times lighter than that we breathe, raises several persons at once above the clouds, where they are wafted by the winds to prodigious distances, at the rate of nine or ten leagues an hour? Our balloons, indeed, are useless to us, because they obey only the impulsion of the winds, and we have not discovered the means of guiding them; but I am persuaded that even this degree of perfection will one day be attained. In the History of China there is a very curious passage relative to this invention, which proves that the Chinese were in ancient times no strangers to balloons, and that they knew how to guide them wherever they pleased, both by day and by night. This circumstance cannot be surprising when related of a nation which had invented printing, the mariner's compass, and gun-powder before they were known in Europe.

I shall quote this fact without abridgment, from the Chinese annals in the hope of making our incredulous readers more circumspect, when treating of fables in the history of antiquity which are above their comprehension, and credulous readers less easy of belief, when they ascribe to miracles or magic, effects which modern physics is publicly imitating every day.

It relates to the emperor Ki, according to father Le Comte, or Kieu, according to the pronunciation of Father Martini, who has given us a history of the first emperors of China, from the annals of the country. This prince, who reigned 3600 years ago, indulged in so many cruelties and excesses, that his name is still held in abhorrence in China, and to denote a man dishonored by all sorts of crimes, they give him the name of Kieu. To enjoy his pleasures without interruption, he withdrew with his wife and his favorites to a magnificent palace, impervious to the light of heaven. This deficiency was supplied by a prodigious number of splendid lamps, whose light he preferred to that of the orb of day, because it was without variation, and

position to my desires for fear of losing me, know that if I escape the perils of war, I shall not elude

reminded him not by the revolutions of day and night of the rapid progress of human life. Thus in the midst of his ever-illuminated apartments, he renounced the government of the empire, to become a slave to his own passions. But his subjects, whose interests he had abandoned, having revolted, obliged him to quit his infamous retreat. He became a vagabond during the remainder of his life, having by his misconduct deprived his descendants of the crown, which was transferred to another family, and leaving his memory in such execration, that the Chinese historians never bestow on him any other appellation than that of *the Villain*, without giving him the title of emperor.

"Meanwhile," says father Le Comte, "his palace was destroyed, and to transmit to posterity the memory of such an unworthy action, the lamps were suspended in every part of the city. This custom was practised every year, and became from that time an important festival, throughout the whole empire. It was celebrated at Yam-tchou with greater magnificence than any where else, and it is said, that formerly the illuminations were so beautiful, that an emperor who durst not openly quit his court and go see them, placed himself, his queen, and several princesses of his house in the hands of a magician, who promised to convey them thither in a very short time. He made them, in the night time, ascend magnificent thrones, which were carried by swans, and which in a moment arrived at Yam-tchou.

"The emperor, borne in the air upon clouds which gradually descended over the city, beheld the whole festival at his leisure, and then returned with the same velocity and by the same conveyance, without being missed from his court. This is not the only fable related by the Chinese. They have stories on every subject, because they are excessively superstitious; and as to magic, whether fictitious or real, no people on earth ever came up to them."

This emperor who was carried through the air was called

the fatal effects of grief.' My health, indeed, began visibly to decline; I shunned all society, and

Tam, according to Father Magaillans, and this event took place two thousand years after the reign of Kiea, that is about sixteen hundred years ago. Father Magaillans, who raises no doubt concerning the circumstance, which he supposes to have been the effect of magic, adds, from the Chinese accounts, that the emperor Tam caused a concert, vocal and instrumental, to be performed in the air by his musicians, which excited great astonishment in the inhabitants of Yam-tchou. This city is about eighteen leagues from Nankin where it may be supposed that the emperor then was. But if he was at Pekin, as Magaillans gives us to understand, when he says that a courier from Yam-tchou was a month on the road to carry the intelligence of this extraordinary music, which was ascribed to the inhabitants of heaven, the aërial voyage must have been 175 leagues in a direct line.

But without going any farther than the fact itself, had Father Le Comte beheld in open day, like all the inhabitants of Paris, London, and many other large cities of Europe, men suspended from globes, soaring above the clouds, wafted in a few hours forty or fifty leagues from the spot whence they first set out, and one of them crossing in the air the arm of the sea which separates England from France, he would not so lightly have treated the traditions of the Chinese as fabulous. I find, moreover, a great analogy of forms between those magnificent thrones, and those clouds which gradually descended over the city of Yam tchou, and our balloons, to which those voluminous decorations might be so easily annexed. Nothing but the swans which guided them can appear to us difficult to be managed. But why should not the Chinese have been able to teach swans, herbivorous birds, and so easily tamed, to fly straight forward, while we have instructed the falcon, a bird that always remains wild, to attack game, and then to return to the fist of the sportsman? The Chinese, more polished, more ancient, and more pacific than we, possessed a knowledge of Nature, which our perpetual dis-

so solitary were my habits, that people gave me the surname of Moneros. My father strove in vain to counteract a sentiment which was the fruit of the education he had given me.

"He introduced me one day to Cephas, exhorting me to follow his counsels. Though I had never before seen Cephas, a secret sympathy created in me an attachment to him. This respected friend sought not to subdue my favorite passion; but in order to weaken it, he changed its object. 'You love glory,' said he, 'nothing on earth is more agreeable, since the gods have reserved it for their portion. But how can you hope to acquire it at the siege of Troy? What side would you take, that of the Greeks or that of the Trojans? Justice declares for Greece, but compassion and duty for Troy. You are an Asiatic:* will you fight in fa-

cords prevented us from acquiring till very recently, and it was undoubtedly this knowledge which Father Le Comte, in other respects an intelligent man, considers as feigned or real magic, in which he acknowledges that the Chinese surpass all other nations. For my part, though I am no magician, I think I have a glimpse of an easy method of directing air-balloons, even against the wind, deduced from various works of nature, but I should not make it public, unless I were certain of success. What calamities have been drawn down on mankind by the perfection of the mariner's compass and of gun-powder! It is not my desire that we should be rendered more learned or more knowing, but better. Science is a torch which diffuses light in the hands of sages, but which in the hands of the wicked sets fire to every thing it approaches.

* Amasis was an Egyptian, and Egypt is in Africa, but the ancients placed it in Asia. The Nile was in those days the western boundary of Asia. *See Pliny, and the ancient geographers.*

vor of Europe against Asia? Will you bear arms against Priam, that unfortunate father and king, ready to perish with his family and empire by the swords of the Greeks? On the other hand, would you undertake the defence of the ravisher Paris and the adulterous Helen against Menelaus her husband? There is no true glory without justice. But if an independent man could discover in the quarrels of kings whose cause was the most just, do you think that the greatest glory it is possible to acquire consists in espousing it? Whatever applause conquerors may receive from their countrymen, mankind, believe me, will one day assign them their proper place. They have raised to the rank of heroes and demi-gods only such as have exercised justice, as Theseus, Hercules, Pirithoüs. But they have elevated to the rank of gods such as were beneficent; as Isis, who gave laws to men; Osiris, who taught them the arts and navigation; Apollo, music: Mercury, commerce; Pan, the management of flocks: Bacchus to plant the vine; Ceres, the cultivation of corn. I was born in Gaul,' continued Cephas, 'it is a country naturally fine and fertile, but which, for want of civilization, wants most of those things that are necessary for the comfort of the inhabitants. Let us introduce among them the useful plants of Egypt, together with a humane religion and social laws: we shall perhaps bring back things useful to your country. There is not any savage people but what has arts from which polished nations may derive advantage, some ancient tradition, some rare production peculiar to the climate. 'Tis thus that Jupiter, the father of men, thought fit to unite by a reciprocal

interchange of benefits all the people of the earth, poor or rich, barbarous or civilized. If we find in Gaul nothing of utility to Egypt, or if we lose by some accident the fruits of our voyage, still we shall enjoy one thing of which neither death nor tempests can deprive us, the pleasure of having done good.'

"This discourse suddenly illumined my mind with a divine light. I embraced Cephas with tears in my eyes. 'Let us set off,' said I, 'let us go, and in imitation of the gods, confer blessings on mankind!'

"My father approved our design; and when I took leave of him, he said, while clasping me in his arms: 'My son, you are going to undertake the most difficult task in the world, to exert yourselves to promote the happiness of men. But if you can yourself find felicity in this occupation, be assured that you will give me the highest satisfaction.'

"After bidding adieu, Cephas and I embarked at Canope, in a Phœnician vessel, which was going to purchase furs in Gaul, and tin in the British islands. We took with us linen-cloth, models of carriages, ploughs, and various machines; flasks of wine, musical instruments, seeds of every kind, and among others, those of hemp and flax. We caused vines in flower, and fruit trees of different sorts to be fastened in chests round the poop of the ship, on the deck, and even among the rigging. Our vessel, covered with vine-branches and verdant foliage, might have been taken for that of Bacchus, bound to the conquest of India.

"We first anchored on the coast of the island of Crete, to take on board plants adapted to the climate of Gaul. That island produces a much greater number of vegetables than Egypt, notwithstanding its vicinity to that country, on account of the variety of its temperatures, which extend from the scorching sands of its shores, to the foot of the snows that cover Mount Ida; whose summit is lost in the clouds. But what must be still more grateful to the inhabitants, it is governed by the wise laws of Minos.

"A favorable wind wafted us from Crete to Melite. * This is a small island, whose rocks of white stone appear at a distance like linen extended in the sun. We there cast anchor to procure water which is kept very pure in reservoirs. Had we wanted any other refreshments, we should have sought them there in vain: the island is destitute of every thing, though its situation between Sicily and Africa, and the capaciousness of its port, which is divided into several branches, ought to make it the centre of the commerce of the nations of Europe, Africa, and even of Asia. Its inhabitants live only by plunder. We made them a present of some seeds of the melon and of the xylon. † It is

* Now called Malta.

† A species of grass that produces cotton: it is a native of Egypt. The modern inhabitants of Malta make with it very beautiful stuffs; by which occupation most of the lower classes, who are extremely poor, procure a subsistence. There is a second species of cotton plant, in the form of a shrub, which is cultivated in Asia, and in the American colonies. I have reason to think that there is

a plant that delights to grow in the most arid situations, and the down of which is employed in the manufacture of stuffs that are extremely white and light. Though Melite, which is but a rock, produces scarcely any thing for the subsistence of men or animals, yet a prodigious quantity of quails, * which alight to rest upon it during their passage from Europe to Africa, are caught every year about the autumnal equinox. It is a curious spectacle to behold those heavy birds crossing the sea in innumerable flocks. They wait till the north wind blows; then spreading one of their wings in the air like a sail, and moving the other like an oar, they skim the surface of the waves with their fat rumps. When they reach the island they are so fatigued that they are caught with the hand. A man may pick up in a day more than he can eat during the whole year.

"From Melite the winds carried us to the islands

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in America a third species, produced by a large thorny tree, so great is the solicitude of nature to diffuse a vegetation of such utility over the hot regions of the globe! So much is certain, that the inhabitants of those parts of America, situated between the tropics, had clothes and hammocks made of cotton when they were discovered by Columbus.

* The quails still continue to visit Malta on a certain day, marked in the almanac of the country. The customs of animals never vary; but those of men are somewhat altered in this island. Some of the grand-masters of the Order of St. John, to whom this island till lately belonged, undertook different works of public utility, and among others, conducted the water of a stream to the port. Doubtless many other projects for promoting the welfare of the inhabitants yet remain to be executed.

of Enosis,* which are at the southern extremity of Sardinia. There they became contrary, and obliged us to cast anchor. These islands are sandy rocks, which produce nothing; but the wonderful providence of the gods, which in the most sterile places supplies man with food in a thousand different ways, has given tunnies to their sands, as it has sent quails to the rock of Melite. In spring the tunnies, which enter the Miditerrancan from the ocean, pass in such vast quantities between Sardinia and the islands of Enosis, that their inhabitants are employed night and day in catching and salting them, and in extracting their oil. I have seen on their shores heaps of the burned bones of these fishes, considerably higher than this house. Notwithstanding the bounty of Nature, the islanders are not rich. They carry on the fishery for the advantage of the inhabitants of Sardinia. Thus we found only slaves at the islands of Enosis, and only tyrants at Melite.

"The wind having become fair, we set sail, after we had presented some vine-plants to the inhabitants of Enosis, and received in return some young chesnut-trees, which they procure from Sardinia, where the fruits of those trees grow to a great size.

"During the voyage, Cephas directed my attention to the varied aspects of the lands, no two of which Nature had made alike in quality and form,

* These islands are now known by the names of St. Pierre and St Antioche. They are very small, but the natives catch vast numbers of tunnies, and make a great quantity of salt.

that the various plants and animals might find different temperatures in the same climate. When we could perceive nothing but the azure heavens and the expanded sea, he then drew my observation to man. 'Look,' said he, 'at these mariners; how robust they are! You would take them for Tritons. Exercise of the body is the food of health.* It dispels an infinite number of disorders and passions which are generated amid the tranquillity of cities. The gods have planted human life like the oaks of my country. The more they are battered by the winds, the more vigorous they are. The sea,' he continued, 'is a school of every virtue. Men there encounter privations and dangers of every kind. They are obliged to be courageous, sober, chaste, prudent, patient, vigilant, religious.' 'But,' replied I, 'how happens it that most of the companions of our voyage possess none of those qualities? They are almost all intemperate, violent, impious, commending or censuring without discernment every thing they see?'

"'It is not the sea that has corrupted them,' answered Cephas, 'they brought their passions with them from the shore. 'Tis the love of wealth, indolence, the desire of indulging in every species of

* Some philosophers have gone still farther, and asserted that exercise of the body nourishes the soul. Bodily exercise is salutary only for the health; the soul has a distinct exercise for itself. Nothing is so common as to see persons of weakly constitutions that possess virtue, and robust men who are destitute of it. Virtue is no more the result of physical qualities, than bodily strength is the effect of moral qualities. All constitutions are equally adapted to vice and to virtue.

debauchery when they are on shore, that induce a great number of men to adopt a sea-faring life, in the hope of enriching themselves: and as they cannot find without great difficulty the means of gratification on that element, you always behold them restless, gloomy, and impatient, because nothing is so ill-humored as vice, when it finds itself in the path of virtue. A ship is the crucible in which the moral qualities are put to the test. The wicked there grow worse, but the good become better. Virtue derives benefit from every thing. Profit by their failings. Here you will learn to despise alike inconsiderate censure and empty applause, to seek content within yourself, and to take none but the gods as witnesses of your actions. He who wishes to do good to men, must early inure himself to receive evil from them. By corporeal labor and by the injustice of men, your body and your soul will at once be strengthened. 'Twas thus that Hercules acquired the courage and the prodigious strength which raised his glory to the skies.'

"I followed, therefore, as closely as I could, the counsels of my friend. Notwithstanding my tender youth, I assisted in raising the heavy yards, and in working the ship; but on the slightest raillery of my companions, who laughed at my inexperience, I was entirely disconcerted. It was easier for me to inure myself to tempests than to the contempt of men, so sensible had my education rendered me to the opinion of others.

"We passed the streight which separates Africa from Europe, and we beheld, to the right and left, the two mountains Calpe and Abila, which

defend the entrance. Our Phœnician sailors did not fail to observe, that their nation was the first that had ventured to penetrate into the vast ocean, and to coast along its shores, even as far as the Frozen Bear. They extolled their own glory far above that of Hercules, who, they said, had erected two pillars near this passage, with the inscription—*No farther*, as if the limits of his achievements were to be the boundary of the excursions of the human race. Cephas, who neglected no opportunity of recalling men to sentiments of justice, and of paying homage to the memory of heroes, thus addressed them: 'I have often heard it remarked that we ought to respect the ancients. The inventors of every science are the most deserving of praise, because they pave the way for others; and it is not very difficult for those who come after them to proceed still farther. A child placed on the shoulders of a tall man, sees farther than he who carries him.' Cephas, however, addressed them in vain: they did not deign to pay the least honor to the memory of the son of Alemene. As for us, we beheld with veneration the shores of Spain, where he had killed the triple-bodied Geryon; we crowned our brows with branches of poplar, and poured in honor of him libations of Thasos wine into the billows.

"We soon discovered the thick and verdant forests which cover Celtic Gaul. It was a son of Hercules, called Galates, who gave to its inhabitants the name of Galates or Gauls. His mother, the daughter of a Celtic monarch, was of prodigious stature. She disdained to take a husband from among the subjects of her father; but when Hercules vi-

sited Gaul after the defeat of Geryon, she was unable to refuse her heart and her hand to the conqueror of the tyrant. We then entered the channel which separates Gaul from Britain, and in a few days, reached the mouth of the Seine, whose green current may, at all times, be distinguished from the azure waves of the sea.

"I was quite overjoyed. We had just reached the end of our voyage. Our trees were fresh, and covered with leaves. Several of them, among others, the vines, had ripe fruit suspended from their branches. I pictured to myself the friendly reception we should experience from people destitute of the principal gifts of Nature, when they should behold us landing on their shores, with the most valuable productions of Egypt and of Crete. The occupations of agriculture alone are sufficient to fix a wandering people, and to take from them all inclination to support by violence that life, for the preservation of which Nature has bestowed so many blessings. Nothing but a grain of corn,' said I to myself, 'is requisite to civilise all the Gauls, by means of the arts to which agriculture gives birth. This single flax-seed will be sufficient to clothe them at some future period. This vine is capable of diffusing mirth and joy at their entertainments for ever. I was then sensible of the great superiority of the works of Nature to those of men. No sooner do the latter make their appearance, than they begin to decay: the former on the contrary, contain within themselves the spirit of life by which they are propagated. Time which destroys the monuments of the arts only multiplies those of Nature. One single seed ap-

peared to me of more genuine value then all the treasures of the kings of Egypt.

"In these divine and human speculations I indulged, and in these transports of my joy, I embraced Cephas, who had given me such a just idea of national blessings and of true glory. Meanwhile my friend remarked that the pilot was preparing to ascend the Seine, at the mouth of which we then were. Night approached, the wind blew from the west, and the horizon was overcast with dark clouds. 'I advise you,' said Cephas to the pilot, 'not to enter the river; but rather to cast anchor in this port, beloved by Amphitrite, which you see to the left. On this subject I have heard our elders relate the following history:

"'Senia, the daughter of Bacchus, and one of the nymphs of Ceres, had followed the goddess of corn into Gaul, when she was seeking her daughter Proserpine, all over the world. When Ceres had finished her peregrinations, Senia requested the goddess to give her the meadows you see yonder, as a reward for her services. Ceres complied, and moreover granted to the daughter of Bacchus the power of making corn spring up wherever she went. She accordingly left Senia behind on those shores, and gave her for a companion and attendant the nymph Heva, who was to watch near her, lest she should be carried off by some sea-god, as her daughter Proserpine had been by the sovereign of the infernal regions. One day when Senia was amusing herself with strolling about on the sands in quest of shells, and was running away, with loud shrieks, from the waves of the sea, which sometimes wetted the soles of her feet, and sometimes reached

Origin of the river Seine.

as high as her knees, her companion Heva perceived beneath the billows the white steeds, the empurpled face, and azure robe of Neptune. That god had come from the Orcades after a great earthquake, and was visiting the shores of the ocean, to examine with his trident whether their foundations had sustained any injury. Heva, as soon as she saw him, gave a loufl shriek, and apprised Senia of her danger. The latter instantly fled towards the meadows. But the god of the seas having espied the nymph of Ceres, and being struck with her charms and her agility, drove his sea-horses on shore in pursuit of her. He was on the point of overtaking her, when she invoked her father Bacchus, and her mistress Ceres. She was heard by both; at the moment when Neptune was extending his arms to lay hold on her, the body of Senia dissolved into water; her veil and her green robe which floated in the wind, became emerald-colored waves; she was transformed into a river of that color, which still loves to traverse those places of which the nymph was so fond! What is still more remarkable, Neptune, notwithstanding her metamorphosis, still continues to be enamored of her, as the river Alpheus in Sicily is said still to love the fountain Arethusa. But if the god of the seas cherishes his passion for Senia, she, on her part, retains her aversion for him. Twice a day he pursues her, loudly roaring; and every time her waters betake themselves to the meadows, ascending towards their source, contrary to the natural course of rivers. At all times she keeps her green current distinct from the azure billows of Neptune.

Origin of the river Seine.

"'Heva died of grief for the loss of her mistress. But the Nereids to reward her fidelity, erected for her on the shore a tomb of white and black stones, which may be perceived at a great distance. By means of celestial art, they enclosed among them an echo, in order that Heva, after her death, might warn the eyes and ears of mariners of the perils of the land, in the same manner as, during her life, she had apprized the nymph of Ceres of the dangers of the sea. We are now in sight of her tomb. It is that steep mountain, formed of funereal strata of white and black stones. It still bears the name of Heva.* You perceive, from those heaps of pebbles which cover its base, what efforts enraged Neptune has made to sap its foundation; and you may hear even at this distance the hollow roaring of the mountain, which warns mariners to take care of themselves. Amphitrite, affected by the misfortunes of Senia and the infidelity of Neptune, directed the Nereids to scoop out that little bay which you see on the left at the mouth of the river; and she decreed that it should be in all seasons a secure haven from the fury of her husband. Follow my advice, and enter it now while it is light. I can assure you that I have often beheld the god of the seas pursuing the Seine very far into the fields, and sweeping away every thing before him. Beware then of

* There is actually, at the mouth of the Seine, on its left bank a mountain formed of strata of white and black stone, which is called la Heve. It serves as a landmark to mariners, and a flag has been placed on it, to make signals to their vessels.

placing yourself in the way of a god made furious by love.'

"'You must take me for a very stupid man,' said the pilot to Cephas, 'to tell me such stories at my age. I have been at the helm these forty years. I have anchored both by night and day in the Thames, which is so full of rocks, and in the impetuous current of the Tagus: I have seen the cataracts of the Nile, which make a horrid noise; but I never saw or heard any thing like what you have been relating. I shall not be such a fool as to remain here at anchor, while the wind is favorable for sailing up the river. I shall pass the night in its channel, and shall sleep there soundly enough.'

"He said, and in concert with the seamen, he set up a shout, as presumptuous and ignorant men are accustomed to do, when some one gives them advice, the meaning of which they do not understand.

"Cephas then came up to me, and asked me if I knew how to swim. 'No,' was my reply, 'I learned in Egypt all that could gain me honor among men, and scarcely any thing that could be useful to myself individually.' 'Let us not quit each other,' said he, 'let us keep near this bench for the rowers, and place all our confidence in the gods.'

"Meanwhile the vessel, impelled by the wind, and undoubtedly also by the vengeance of Hercules, entered the river in full sail. We at first avoided three sand-banks which are at its mouth; but afterwards, as we proceeded farther up its channel, we saw nothing around us but a vast forest, which extended to its very shores. We per-

ceived in this country no other signs of inhabitants than the smoke which here and there rose from among the trees. We continued our course till night prevented us from distinguishing any thing, when the pilot brought the ship to an anchor.

"The vessel driven on one side by a brisk wind, and on the other by the current of the river, got across in the channel. But notwithstanding this dangerous position, the seamen began to drink and make merry, thinking themselves secure from every danger, because they were surrounded on all sides by the land. They then retired to rest, not leaving a single man to take care of the ship.

"Cephas and I remained upon the deck, seated on one of the benches for the rowers. We banished sleep from our eyes, and enjoyed the majestic spectacle of the stars glistening over our heads. The constellation of the Bear was already in the middle of its course, when we heard at a distance a hollow rumbling sound, resembling that of a cataract. I rose imprudently to see what it could be. By the whiteness of the spray * I perceived a mountain of water rolling towards us from the sea. It occupied the whole breadth of the river, and overflowed its banks to the right and to the left; it broke with a

* This mountain of water is produced by the flood-tides which come from the sea, and drive back the current in a direction contrary to its natural course. You may hear it advancing at a great distance, especially by night. It is called the Bar, because it obstructs the whole current of the Seine. This bar is generally followed by a second bar of still greater height, at the distance of one hundred toises. They run much faster than a horse can gallop.

horrid crash among the trunks of the trees of the forest. In a moment it had reached our vessel, and laid her upon her side: by which motion I was thrown into the water. A moment afterwards a second wave, still larger than the first, completely upset the ship. I recollect that I then heard a multitude of confused cries from the infatuated crew; but attempting to call my friend to my assistance, my mouth was filled with salt water, my ears tingled, I felt myself carried along with extreme rapidity, and soon afterwards became completely senseless.

"I know not how long I remained in the water; but when I came to myself, I perceived towards the west the bow of Iris in the heavens, and in the east the first fires of Aurora tinging the clouds with silver and vermilion. A number of young maidens, extremely fair, half-clothed in skins, surrounded me. Some presented me with liquor in shells, others dried me with moss, while others supported my head with their hands. Their light hair, their rosy cheeks, their blue eyes, and a certain air of celestial benignity which compassion diffuses over the female countenance, made me imagine that I was in heaven, and that I was attended by the Hours, who each day open its gates to wretched mortals. The first movement of my heart prompted me to look round for you, O Cephas! and the second to ask for you. I had not been happy even in Olympus, had you been wanting to my felicity. But my illusion vanished when I heard these young maidens pronouncing an unknown and barbarous language with their rosy lips. I then recollected, by degrees, the circumstances of my shipwreck. I

ARCADIA

AMASIS
SHIPWRECKED

rose, with the intention of looking for you, but where to seek you I knew not. I wandered among the recesses of the neighboring forest. I was ignorant whether the river in which our vessel had been lost was near or at a distance, to the right or to the left; and to increase my embarrassment, I could not obtain information relative to its position.

"After reflecting a moment, I remarked that the grass was wet, and the foliage of the trees of a beautiful green, whence I concluded that there had been an abundant rain the preceding night. In this idea I was confirmed by the sight of the water, which still ran in muddy torrents by the side of the roads. I considered that these streams must run into some rivulet, and the rivulet discharge itself into the river. I was preparing to follow these indications, when some men, coming out of a neighboring hut, forced me in a menacing tone to enter. I then perceived that I was no longer free, and that I was a slave among people by whom I had flattered myself that I should be honored as a god.

"I call Jupiter to witness, O Cephas, that the mortification of suffering shipwreck after making the desired port, of finding myself reduced to slavery by those whom I had come so far to serve, of being exiled in a barbarous region, where I could make no one understand me, far from my parents and my dear native land, was not equal to my sorrow at having lost you. I recollected the wisdom of your counsels, your confidence in the gods, of whose providence even in the midst of the greatest misfortunes you convinced me; your observations on the works of Nature, replete with life and with

benevolence; the tranquil state in which your skill kept all my passions. From the clouds which rose in my heart, I felt that I had lost, in you, the first of blessings, and that a wise friend is the most valuable gift which the bounty of the gods can confer on a mortal.

"My whole mind was therefore engaged in devising the means of finding you again: and I flattered myself that I should succeed in the attempt by escaping in the middle of the night, could I only find my way to the sea-shore. I knew that I could not be very far distant from it, but not on which side it was. There was not in the vicinity any eminence from which I could descry it. Sometimes I climbed the highest trees; but could see only the surface of the forest extending to the horizon. I frequently observed the flight of birds, in the hope of perceiving some sea-fowl coming to the land to build her nest in the forest, or some wild pigeon going to pick up salt on the sea-shore. I would a thousand times rather have heard the shrill cries of the thrush, seeking a refuge from the tempest among the rocks, than the sweetest notes of the red-breast, which already announced the conclusion of summer, amid the yellow foliage of the forest.

"One night after I had retired to rest, I imagined that I heard at a distance the noise of the waves of the sea, breaking on its shores; I even thought I could distinguish the tumult of the waters of the Seine pursued by Neptune. Their roaring which had chilled me with horror, now gave me the greatest delight. I rose, went out of the hut, and listened attentively; but sounds that pro-

ceeded from every point of the horizon soon confounded all my judgments, and I discovered that it was nothing but the rustling of the wind among the foliage of the oaks and of the beeches.

"Sometimes I endeavored to make the savages of my hut comprehend that I had lost a friend. I put my hand over my eyes, on my mouth, and to my heart; I pointed to the horizon; I raised my hands, clasped together, towards heaven, while tears trickled down my cheeks. They understood this mute language of my grief, for they wept with me; but by a contradiction, for which I was unable to account, they redoubled their precautions to prevent my escape.

"I therefore took pains to learn their language, that I might make them sensible of the hardship of my fate. They were themselves solicitous to teach me the names of such objects as I pointed out to them. Slavery is very easy among these people. My life differed in no respect from that of my masters, except that I had not the full enjoyment of liberty. We had every thing in common, food, shelter, and the ground, upon which we lay, wrapped in skins. They even shewed indulgence for my youth, and assigned to me the easiest portion of their labors. In a short time I was able to converse with them, and learned the following particulars relative to their government and character:—

"Gaul is inhabited by a great number of petty nations, some of which are governed by kings, and others by chiefs called iarles, but they are all subject to the authority of the Druids, who keep them united under one religion, and govern them with

them with the greater facility, as they are divided by a thousand different customs. The druids have persuaded those nations that they are descended from Pluto, the god of hell, whom they call Hæder, or the Blind. For this reason the Gauls reckon by nights, and not by days, and count the hours of the day from the middle of the night, contrary to the custom of all nations. They adore several other deities no less terrible than Hæder, such as Niorder, the master of the winds, who dashes vessels upon their coasts, that, as they say, they may have an opportunity of plundering them. Accordingly they are of opinion that every ship wrecked upon their coasts is sent by Niorder. They have, besides, Thor or Theutates, the god of war, armed with a club, which he brandishes in the air; they say that he has iron gloves, and a belt which increases his fury when he is begirt with it; Tir, a deity equally cruel; the silent Vidar, who wears very thick shoes, with which he can walk in the air and upon the water without making a noise; Heindal, with the golden tooth, who can see as well by night as by day, who hears the slightest noise, even that which is made by grass or by wool when it is growing; Ouller, the god of ice, with skaits on his feet; Lok, who had three children by the gigantic Angherbode, the messenger of sorrow; namely, the wolf Fenris, the serpent Midgard, and the merciless Hela. Hela is death. They say that his palace is misery, his table famine, his door a precipice, his antichamber languor, his bed consumption. They have several other gods, whose deeds are as ferocious as their names; Herian, Riflindi, Svidur, Svidrer, Salsk, which signify the warrior,

he blusterer, the exterminator, the incendiary, he father of carnage. The druids honor these divinities with dismal ceremonies, doleful songs, and human sacrifices.* This horrid worship gives them such power over the terrified minds of the Gauls, that they preside at all their councils, and decide in all their affairs. Should any one oppose their decisions, they exclude him from the communion of their mysteries, † and from that moment he is abandoned by every one, even by his wife and his children. But it is very rarely the case that any one ventures to resist them, for they take upon themselves exclusively the education of youth, that they may early and unalterably impress these horrible opinions upon their minds.

"As to the iarles, or nobles, they possess the power of life and death over their vassals. Such as live under kings pay them half of the tribute they exact from the people. Others govern them entirely for their own profit. The most opulent give entertainments to the poorest of their class, who accompany them to war, and swear to die with them. They are very brave. If in the chase they discover a bear, the principal person present lays down his arrows, attacks the animal alone, and kills him with his knife. If a house is consumed

* With regard to the manners and mythology of the ancient nations of the north, the reader may consult Herodotus, Cæsar's Commentaries, Suetonius, Tacitus, Mallet's Edda, and the Swedish Collections, translated by the Chevalier de Keralio.

† Cæsar says precisely the same thing in his Commentaries.

by fire, they never quit it till the burning timbers come tumbling upon them. Others on the sea-shore oppose the waves which break upon the beach with lance, or sword in hand. Valor, in their opinion consists not only in resisting enemies and ferocious beasts, but even in opposing the elements. Among them valor holds the place of justice. They decide their differences by arms alone, and consider reason as the resource of those who are destitute of courage. These two classes of citizens, one of which employs craft, and the other force, to make themselves feared, counterbalance each other; but they unite to tyrannize over the people, whom they treat with sovereign contempt. Never is one of the common people among the Gauls permitted to hold any public function. It appears as if this nation was made only for its priests and its grandees. Instead of receiving consolation from the one and protection from the other, as justice requires, it is terrified by the Druids only that it may be oppressed by the iarles.

" In no country do you meet with men endowed with qualities superior to the Gauls. They are exceedingly ingenious, and excel in various arts which are unknown elsewhere. They cover iron plates with tin with such art,* that you would take

* The Laplanders wiredraw tin with great art. In general great perfection may be discovered in all the arts exercised by savage nations. The canoes of the Esquimaux, the proas of the South Sea islanders, the nets, lines, hooks, bows, arrows, stone hatchets, and dresses of most of those nations are perfectly adapted to their necessities. Pliny ascribes the invention of wooden casks to the Gauls. He

them for sheets of silver. They join pieces of wood together with such exactness, as to form vessels capable of holding all sorts of liquors. What is still more extraordinary, they know how to boil water in these vessels without burning them. They heat stones in the fire, and throw them into the water contained in the wooden vessel, till it attains the degree of heat that is required. They likewise know how to produce fire without using either flint or steel, by rubbing together a piece of ivy and another of laurel. The qualities of their hearts surpass even those of their minds. They are extremely hospitable. He who has little cheerfully shares it with him that has nothing. They love their children so passionately, that they never correct them; but are satisfied with recalling them to their duty by means of remonstrances. The consequence of this conduct is, that the tenderest affection continually unites all the members of their families, and that their youth listen with the utmost respect to the counsels of the aged.

"These people, however, would soon be destroyed by the tyranny of their chiefs, did they not oppose to them their own passions. When quarrels take place among the nobles, so thoroughly are the people convinced that arms must decide them, and that reason has no influence, that they compel these chiefs, in order to gain their esteem, to engage in mortal combats. This popular prejudice destroys a great number of iarles. On the other hand, they are so fully persuaded of the truth

praises their ingenuity in tinning metals, dying with woad, &c.

of the terrible things related by the Druids of their gods, and fear, as is commonly the case, induces them to add to their traditions circumstances so horrific, that their priests often tremble more than they before the idols of their own creation. Among them I was fully convinced of the truth of the maxim in our sacred books, which says that Jupiter decreed that the evil done to others shall recoil with sevenfold aggravation on the head of the author, in order that none may take delight in the wretchedness of his fellow-creatures.

"Among certain tribes of the Gauls are, here and there, kings who strengthen their authority by defending the weaker side, but it is the women that preserve the nation from total ruin. Equally oppressed by the laws of the Druids, and by the ferocious manners of the iarles, they are kept in a state of the most painful servitude. They are obliged to perform the most laborious offices, such as cultivating the ground, going into the woods in quest of game, and carrying the baggage of the men when they travel. They are moreover obliged, as long as they live, to obey their own children. Every husband possesses the power of life and death over his wife: and when he dies, if it is suspected that his death was not natural, his wife is put to the torture; if the acuteness of her torments compel her to inculpate herself, she is sentenced to be burned.*

"This unhappy sex triumphs over its tyrants by means of their own opinions. As vanity is their ruling passion, the women turn them into ridicule.

* See Cæsar's Commentaries.

A mere song is sufficient to derange the result of the most solemn assemblies. The people, and especially the young men, who are ever ready to serve them, carry this song from village to village, and from hamlet to hamlet. They sing it night and day. The person who is the subject of it, be he who he will, no longer dares to shew his face. Hence it happens that the women, so weak individually, enjoy in general absolute power. Whether it be from the dread of ridicule, or from experience of the sagacity of the women, the chiefs undertake no enterprize without consulting them. They decide all questions relative to peace and war. As they are obliged by the evils of society to renounce its opinions, and to flee for refuge into the arms of Nature, they are neither blinded nor hardened by the prejudices of men. Hence it is that they form a much sounder judgment of public affairs, and predict future events with great accuracy. The people, whose miseries they soothe, struck with frequently finding in them more discernment than in their chiefs, without taking the trouble to dive into the causes, think fit to ascribe to them something divine.*

"Accordingly the Gauls have successive and rapid transitions from sadness to fear, and from fear to joy. The Druids terrify, the bards ill-treat them, and the women make them laugh, sing, and dance. Their religion, their laws, and their manners are incessantly in contradiction; they live in a perpetual inconstancy, which is the principal feature in their character. Hence they are extremely inqui-

* See Tacitus on the manners of the Germans,

sitive after news, and anxious to know what is passing among foreign nations. For the same reason too they are found in great numbers out of their own country, which they take the first opportunity of leaving, like all those who are unhappy in it.

"They despise the cultivators of the earth, and consequently neglect agriculture, which is the basis of public felicity. When we arrived in their country, they cultivated only such grain as comes to maturity in the course of a year, as beans, lentils, oats, millet, barley and rye. Very little wheat was to be seen among them. The earth is, nevertheless, extremely fertile in natural productions. There is abundance of excellent pasturage on the banks of the rivers. The forests are lofty, and filled with wild fruit-trees of every kind. As they are frequently in want of food, they employed me to seek articles of sustenance in the fields and in the woods. I found in the meadows, garlic, and roots of the daucus and filipendula. I sometimes returned laden with myrtle-berries, beech-mast, plumbs, pears, and apples, which I had gathered in the forest. These fruits they boiled, as most of them are so tart that they cannot be eaten raw. But there are likewise trees which produce fruit of exquisite flavor. I have frequently admired apple-trees laden with fruit of such a brilliant color, that you might have taken them for the most beautiful flowers.

"Of these apple-trees which grow in abundance and of the greatest beauty, they relate the following story. The fair Thetis, whom they call Frigg, jealous, they say, because at her own nuptials Venus,

Origin of the apple-tree in Gaul.

whom the denominate Siofne, had obtained the apple as the prize of beauty, without her having been allowed a chance in the competition between the goddesses, resolved to be revenged. One day when Venus had alighted on this part of the Gallic shore to seek pearls to adorn herself, and shells, called knife-handles, for her son Sifione,* a Triton stole her apple which she had laid upon a rock, and carried it to the goddess of the seas. Thetis immediately sowed the pippins in the neighboring fields to perpetuate the memory of her vengeance and of her triumph. This, say the Celtic Gauls, is the cause of the great number of apple-trees that grow in their country, and of the extraordinary beauty of their women.†

* The Gauls, like the northern nations, called Venus Siofne, and Cupid Sifione. The most dangerous weapon among the Celts was neither the bow nor the sword, but the knife. With this weapon they armed the dwarfs, who triumphed by means of it over the swords of the giants. A charm formed with a knife could not be broken. It was therefore necessary to assign to the Gallic Cupid, not a bow and quiver, but a knife. The knife-handles mentioned above, are long bivalve shells, in the form of a knife-handle, the name of which they bear. They are found in great quantities on the strands of Normandy, where they bury themselves in the sand.

† Perhaps too this may be the cause of the multiplicity of law-suits in Normandy, since this apple was originally a present of discord. A less remote cause of these law-suits may be discovered in the prodigious number of petty jurisdictions with which that province is filled, in its litigious customs, and above all, in the European system of education, which whispers to each individual from his cradle: Be the first.

It would not be so easy to find out the moral or physical

Winter.

"Winter arrived, and I cannot express my astonishment on beholding, for the first time in my life, the heavens dissolved into white feathers, like those of birds, the water of the streams transformed to stone, and the trees entirely stripped of their foliage. I had never seen any thing of the kind in Egypt. I imagined that the Gauls would inevitably perish like the plants and elements of their country; and undoubtedly the severity of the air had put an end to my life, had they not taken the greatest care to clothe me in furs. But how easy is it for inexperienced man to be mistaken! I was ignorant of the resources of Nature for every season, as well as for every climate. For these northern nations winter is the time of festivity and abundance. Aquatic birds, elks, wild bulls, hares, stags, wild boars, then abound in the forest, and approach the habitations of men. They kill prodigious quantities of these animals. I was not less surprized when I saw spring return, and display in

causes of the extraordinary beauty of the sex in the Pays de Caux, especially among the country-girls. Their blue eyes, the delicacy of their features, the freshness of their complexion, and the elegance of their shape, would do honor to the most beautiful female about the court. I know but one other district in the kingdom where the women among the common people are so beautiful, and that is at Avignon. The beauty of the latter has, however, a different character. They have large, mild, black eyes, aquiline noses, and heads after the manner of Angelica Kauffmann. Till modern philosophy shall pay attention to this subject, the mythology of the Gauls may be permitted to account for the beauty of their women by a fable, which the Greeks themselves would probably not have rejected.

these desolate regions a magnificence I had never witnessed, even on the banks of the Nile The raspberry, the eglantine, the strawberry, the primrose, the violet, and many other flowers unknown in Egypt, embellished the verdant skirts of the forest. Some, as the honeysuckle, climbed up the trunks of the oaks, and suspended their perfumed garlands from the branches. The shores, the rocks, the mountains, the woods, were all clothed with a pomp wild yet magnificent. A spectacle so touching augmented my melancholy. How happy should I be, said I to myself, could I see among so many plants, only one of those that I brought from Egypt springing up! Were it only a humble plant of flax it would remind me of my country as long as I lived; when I died I would chuse myself a tomb near the place where it grew; at some future period it should acquaint Cephas with the spot where repose the bones of his friend, and the Gauls with the name and the voyages of Amasis!

"One day while I was striving to dispel my melancholy by watching some young maidens dancing on the fresh grass, one of them left her companions and came and wept over me; then, suddenly returning, she continued to dance and to sport with them. I considered this abrupt transition from joy to grief, and from grief to joy in this young girl, as an effect of the natural inconstancy of these people, and gave myself no great concern about it, when I observed an old man with a red beard, and clothed with a robe of weasels' skins, advancing from the forest. He carried in his hand a branch of misletoe, and at his waist a knife of flint. He was followed by a troop

of young men in the flower of their age, with belts made of the same kind of skin, holding in their hands empty gourds, iron pipes, bulls' horns, and other instruments of their barbarous music.

"As soon as the old man appeared, the dancing ceased, every countenance assumed a melancholy air. All withdrew to a distance from me; even my master and his family retired to his hut. The wicked old man then approached me, put a leather collar round my neck, and his attendants compelling me to follow him, they dragged me along, just like wolves carrying off a sheep. They took me through the forest to the banks of the Seine, where their leader sprinkled me with the water of the river; he then made me step into a boat formed of the bark of the birch-tree, which he likewise entered himself with his whole company.

"We kept ascending the Seine for eight days, maintaining a profound silence all the time. On the ninth we arrived at a small town, built in the middle of an island. They landed me opposite to this town on the right bank of the river, and conducted me to a spacious hut without windows, and lighted by torches of fir. They tied me to a post in the middle of the hut, and the young men who guarded me day and night, armed with hatchets of flint, kept incessantly leaping round me, blowing with all their might in the bull's horns and iron pipes. This hideous music they accompanied with these horrid words, which they sung in chorus:

"O Niorder! O Ritlindi! O Svidrer! O Hela! O Hela! God of carnage and of tempest, we bring thee flesh. Receive the blood of this victim, of this

child of death. O Niorder! O Rifiindi! O Svidrer! O Hela! O Hela!

"As they pronounced these terrific words, they turned their eyes inward, and foamed at the mouth. At length these fanatics, fatigued with their exertions, all fell asleep except one, who was called Omfi. This name, in the Celtic language, signifies beneficent. Omfi, moved with compassion, advanced to me: 'Unfortunate young man, said he, 'a cruel war has broken out between the people of Britain and those of Gaul. The Britons pretend to be masters of the sea which separates us from their island. They have already defeated us in two sea-fights. The college of Druids at Chartres has decided that human victims are required to gain the favor of Mars, whose temple is near this place. The chief of the Druids, who has spies over all Gaul, being informed that a tempest had cast you on our coasts, went to fetch you himself. He is old, and destitute of pity. He bears the names of two of our most tremendous deities, being called Tor-Tir.* Place then your confidence in the gods of your country, for those of Gaul demand your blood!'

"Terror thrilled my soul, and deprived me of the power of making any reply to Omfi. I merely thanked him by an inclination of the head; and he immediately drew back from me, for fear of being perceived by his companions.

"I was now sensible of the reason which had obliged the Gauls who had made me their slave,

* The word torture may perhaps have been formed from the names of these two cruel deities of the north.

to prevent me from straying from their habitation; they were apprehensive lest I should fall into the hands of the Druids; but I could not escape my fatal destiny. My death now appeared so certain, that I did not imagine even Jupiter himself could deliver me from the jaws of these tigers, athirst for my blood. I no longer recollected, O Cephas, what you had so often repeated to me, that the gods never abandon innocence. I no longer remembered that they had preserved my life after our shipwreck. Present danger makes us forget past deliverances. Sometimes, indeed, I thought that they had rescued me from the waves, only to consign me to a death a thousand times more cruel.

"Meanwhile, I addressed my prayers to Jupiter, and I felt a kind of composure in resigning myself to that infinitely bounteous Providence which governs the universe, when the doors of my hut suddenly flew open, and a numerous train of priests entered, with Tor-Tir at their head, still holding in his hand a branch of mistletoe. The barbarous youths who surrounded me, instantly awoke, and renewed their songs and funereal dances. Tor-Tir came to me, placed on my head a crown of yew, and a handful of bean flour; he then singed my hair and having loosed me from the stake, tied my hands together behind my back. The whole troop then moved in procession to the sound of their dismal instruments, and two Druids, supporting me by the arms, conducted me to the place of sacrifice."

Here Tyrtæus, perceiving that the spindle had dropped from the hand of Cyanea, and that

Amasis is about to be sacrificed by the Druids.

turned pale, said to her: "My daughter, it is time for you to retire to rest. You must rise, you know, before to-morrow's dawn, to attend the festival of Mount Lyceum, where you and your companions are to offer the gifts of the shepherds on the altars of Jupiter."—"Father," replied Cyanea trembling, "I have prepared every thing for to-morrow's festival. The crowns of flowers, the wheaten cakes, the bowls of milk are all ready. But it is not late; the moon does not yet shine on the bottom of the valley; the cocks have not yet crowed; it is not midnight. Permit me, I entreat you, to hear the conclusion of this history. I am by your side, father: I shall not be afraid."

Tyrtæus looked at his daughter with a smile, and begging pardon of Amasis for the interruption, requested him to proceed.

"We left the hut," continued Amasis, "in the middle of a dark night, by the smoky light of pine-torches. We first crossed a vast plain, covered with stones, where we saw, here and there, skeletons of horses and dogs fixed upon stakes. We then arrived at the entrance of a cavern, excavated in the side of a rock perfectly white.* Clots of black blood congealed round about, exhaled an infectious stench, and announced the temple of

* This was Mons Martis, now denominated Mont-Martre. It is well known that this hill, dedicated to Mars, whose name it bears, is formed of a rock of gypsum. Others, indeed, derive the appellation from Mons Martyrum. These two etymologies may be easily reconciled. In former times a great number of martyrs suffered upon this hill, it is not improbable that in the same place there was some famous idol to whom they were sacrificed.

Mars. Within this horrid place were ranged along the walls human skulls and bones; and in the centre, on a fragment of a rock, stood a statue of iron, representing the god Mars, reaching up to the vaulted roof. It was such a shapeless mass, that it rather resembled a block of rusty iron than the god of war. You might, however, distinguish his knotty club, his gloves studded with the heads of nails, and his horrible belt, with a figure of death. At his feet was seated the king of the country, surrounded by the principal persons of the state. An immense multitude of people, assembled both within and without the cavern preserved a mournful silence, impressed with respect and with religious horror.

"Tor-Tir addressing them all, thus spoke: 'O king, and you lords assembled for the defence of Gaul, think not to triumph over your enemies without the aid of the god of battles. Your losses have shewn you the consequences of neglecting his tremendous worship. Blood given to the gods spares that shed by mortals. The gods cause men to be born only that they may make them die. Oh! how fortunate are ye, that one of you was not destined to be the victim! When I was considering within myself what head would be agreeable to them, and was ready to offer my own for the welfare of my country, Niorder, the god of the seas, appeared to me in the gloomy forests of Chartres, all dripping from the waves. With a voice harsh as that of the tempests, he thus spoke: For the welfare of the Gauls, I send you a stranger, without relatives and without friends. I have myself cast him on the shores of the west. His blood will

be acceptable to the infernal gods. Thus spoke Niorder. Niorder loves you, O children of Pluto!'

"Scarcely had Tor-Tir pronounced these tremendous words, when a Gaul, seated beside the king, darted towards me, and I found myself in the arms of Cephas! 'O Amasis! my dear Amasis!' cried he, 'O cruel countrymen! ye are about to sacrifice a man who has come from the banks of the Nile to bring you the most valuable productions of Egypt and of Greece! Begin then with me, who first excited in him the desire to visit your country, who inspired him with compassion for you, who are so cruel to him.' As he uttered these words, he pressed me in his arms, and bathed me with his tears. As for me, I wept and sobbed, unable to give him any other testimonies of my joy. The cavern instantly resounded with murmurs and with sighs. The young Druids wept, and dropped from their hands the instruments prepared for my sacrifice; for religion was silent as soon as Nature spoke. None of the assembly, however, durst yet venture to deliver me from the hands of the officiating Druids, when the women rushed among them, released me from my bonds, took the gag from my mouth, and the funereal crown from my head. Thus I owed my life a second time to the women of Gaul.

"The king, embracing me, said: 'What! is it you, unfortunate stranger, whose loss Cephas was incessantly regretting? O ye gods who are hostile to my country, do ye send us benefactors only for the purpose of immolating them!' He then addressed the chiefs of the nations, and spoke to them

with such energy of the rights of humanity, that they unanimously swore no longer to make slaves of those who might be cast by tempests on their coasts, nor in future to sacrifice any innocent man, but to offer to Mars only the blood of the guilty. The enraged Tor-Tir in vain attempted to oppose this law: he withdrew, menacing the king and all the Gauls with the speedy vengeance of the gods.

"Meanwhile the king, accompanied by my friend, conducted me, amid the acclamations of the people, to his capital, situated on a neighbouring island. My mind was so oppressed till the moment we reached the island, that I was totally incapable of reflection. At every new incident of my misfortune, my heart shrunk within me, and my understanding was obscured. But no sooner had I recovered the use of my senses, and was aware of the imminent danger I had escaped, than I fainted away. O! how weak is man in joy! he is strong only in affliction. Cephas brought me to myself, in the manner of the Gauls, by shaking my head, and blowing in my face.

"When he perceived that I had recovered, he took my hands in his, and said to me: 'O my friend, how many tears have you cost me! No sooner were we separated by the waves of the ocean which overset our ship, than I was cast, I know not how, upon the right bank of the Seine. The first thing I did was to look for you. I kindled fires on the shore, I called you; I prevailed on several of my countrymen, whom my cries brought to me, to go in quest of you in their barks along the shores of the river: but all our pains were fruitless. Day returned, and displayed to my view our ship over-

set, with the keel uppermost, close to the shore where I was. I never conceived the idea that you might have been landed on the opposite bank, in Belgium, my native land. It was not till the third day that, believing you had perished, I determined to proceed thither to visit my relations. Most of them had died during my absence; those who were left treated me with the utmost kindness, but even a brother cannot compensate the loss of a friend. I returned almost immediately to the other side of the river. I found the people employed in unloading our unfortunate ship, in which nothing had perished but her crew. I sought your body on the sea-shore, I demanded you at evening, morning, and midnight, of the nymphs of the ocean, that I might raise you a tomb near that of Heva. I believe I should have passed the remainder of my life in these fruitless researches, had not the king who reigns over the country contiguous to the river, being informed that a Phœnician vessel had been lost in his jurisdiction, claimed the wreck, which belonged to him according to the laws of the Gauls. I therefore collected all that we had brought from Egypt, even to the very trees, which had received no injury from the water, and repaired with these relics of our catastrophe to the prince. Let us then bless the providence of the gods which has united us, and rendered your misfortunes still more useful to my country than your presents. Had you not been shipwrecked on our coasts, the barbarous custom of condemning to slavery those who are cast upon them, had not been abolished; and had you not been doomed to be sacrificed, probably I had never seen you more, and the blood

of the innocent had still reeked on the altars o Mars.'

"Thus spoke Cephas. The king, on his part omitted nothing that could efface from my mind the recollection of my misfortunes. His name was Bardus. He was already advanced in years, and like the rest of his subjects, had a long beard and long hair. His palace was built of trunks of pine trees laid one upon another. The doors were formed of large ox hides, * and all the apertures were closed with the same. He had no guards, for he was not afraid of his subjects; but he had employed all his ingenuity to fortify his city against external enemies. He had surrounded it with walls composed of the trunks of trees, intermixed with sods of turf, and having s one towers at the angles and at the gates. At the tops of these towers were sentinels who kept watch night and day. King Bardus had inherited this island from the nymph Lutetia, his mother, whose name it bore. It was at first entirely covered with trees, and Bardus had not a single subject. He employed himself in twisting cables of the bark of the lime-tree, and in hollowing out alders for boats on the

* Savage nations unacquainted with the use of the saw, without which it is not easy to reduce a tree into planks, found it a difficult matter to make doors. Accordingly when they quitted a country, those who had doors carried them with them. A Norwegian hero, whose name I cannot recollect, the same who discovered Greenland, threw his into the sea, to ascertain where fate had resolved to fix him, and settled in that part of Greenland to which they were wafted. Doors and thresholds were, and still are, sacred in the east.

shores of his island. He sold the works of his hands to the mariners who went up and down the Seine. While he worked, he sung the advantages of industry and commerce, which link all mankind together. The boatmen frequently stopped to listen to his songs, which they repeated and diffused over all Gaul, where they were known by the appellation of Bardic verses. People soon began to flock to his island, where they settled, that they might hear his songs, and live there in greater security. His riches encreased with his subjects. The island was covered with houses, the neighboring forests were felled, and numerous flocks soon peopled the opposite banks. Thus this good king established an empire without violence. But before his island was surrounded with walls, and while he was solicitous only to make it the centre of the commerce of all Gaul, the furies of war planned the extermination of its inhabitants.

"One day a great number of warriors, who had ascended the Seine in boats of elm-bark, landed on the north bank, opposite to Lutetia. They were headed by the iarle Carnut, third son of Tendal, prince of the north. Carnut had returned from ravaging all the coasts of the Hyperborean sea, where he had spread terror and desolation. He was secretly favored in Gaul by the Druids, who, like all weak men, constantly incline to the side of those who render themselves formidable. As soon as he had landed, Carnut went to king Bardus, and said to him: 'Let us fight, thou and I, at the head of our warriors: the weakest shall obey the strongest, for the first law of nature is that every thing shall yield to power.' 'O Carnut!' answered king Bar-

dus, 'were I summoned to risk my life only in defence of my people, I would do it with great willingness. But I would not expose the lives of my subjects in order to save my own. It is goodness, and not strength, that should chuse kings. Goodness alone governs the world, and in the government of it, she employs intelligence and strength, which, with all the powers of the universe, are subordinate to her. Valiant son of Tendal, since thou art desirous of governing men, let us see which of us is the most capable of doing them good. There are some wretched and naked Gauls. Without reproach I have several times clothed and fed them, while I have denied myself both clothing and food. Let us see if thou canst provide for their wants.'

"Carnut accepted the challenge. It was autumn. He went a hunting with his warriors, and killed a great number of roe-bucks, stags, elks and wild-boars. With the flesh of these animals he gave a grand entertainment to the people of Lutetia, and clothed with the skins such of them as were naked. 'Son of Tendal,' said king Bardus to him, 'thou art a great hunter. Thou mayst feed the people in the season of the chace, but in spring and in summer they will die of hunger. On the other hand, with my corn, and with the wool and milk of my flocks, I can support them all the year round.'

"Carnut made no reply: but he remained encamped with his warriors on the bank of the river.

"Bardus, seeing his obstinacy, then went to him in his turn, and proposed another challenge. 'Valor,' said he, 'befits a warrior chieftain; but patience

is still more necessary for kings. Since thou art desirous to reign, let us see which of us will carry this log the longest.' It was the trunk of an oak of thirty years' growth. Carnut took it upon his back, but impatient of the burden, he soon threw it upon the ground. Bardus lifted it upon his shoulders, and carried it, without flinching, till after sun-set, and till the night was considerably advanced.

"Nevertheless, Carnut and his warriors would not retire. In this position they passed the winter, engaged in hunting. Spring came, they threatened to destroy the rising city, which refused to obey them; and they were now the more formidable, as they were destitute of provisions. Bardus knew not how to get rid of them, for they were stronger than he. In vain he consulted the oldest and most experienced of his subjects, none of whom could give him any advice. At length he communicated the cause of his embarrassment to his mother Lutetia, who was very old, but who possessed great sagacity.

"'My son,' said Lutetia, 'you know a great number of ancient and curious stories, which I have taught you from your infancy: you excel in singing; challenge the son of Tendal to a trial of skill in song.'

"Bardus went to Carnut, and said to him; 'Son of Tendal, it is not sufficient for a king to feed his people, and to be strong and patient of fatigue; he ought to know how to banish from their minds opinions which render them wretched; for it is opinions that govern the actions of men, and render them virtuous or wicked. Let us see which of us shall reign over their minds. It was not by his

exploits that Hercules obtained followers in Gaul; but by the divine songs that issued from his lips, and like chains of gold, chained the ears of all those who heard him, and obliged them to follow the hero.'

"Carnut accepted this third challenge with joy. He sung the combats of the gods of the north on the frozen bosom of the ocean, the tempests of Niorder on the seas, the stratagems of Vidar in the air, the ravages of Thor on the earth, and the empire of Hæder in hell. To these he subjoined the description of his own victories, and his songs excited such fury in the hearts of his warriors, that they were ready to destroy every thing before them.

"King Bardus then sung as follows:

"'I sing the dawn of morning, the first rays of Aurora which have beamed upon Gaul, the empire of Pluto; the bounty of Ceres, and the misfortunes of the child Loïs. Listen to my strains ye spirits of rivers, and repeat them to the spirits of the azure mountains.

"'Ceres had sought her daughter Proserpine over the whole world. She was returning to Sicily where she was adored. She was traversing the savage regions of Gaul, their trackless mountains, their desert vallies, and their gloomy forests, when she was stopped by the waters of the Seine, her nymph transformed into a river.

"'On the opposite bank of the Seine a beautiful child, with auburn ringlets, was bathing in its waters. He delighted to swim in its transparent stream, and to run naked over the solitary lawns

Whenever he perceived a woman, he ran and hid himself under a tuft of reeds.

"'Pretty child! cried Ceres with a sigh, come hither my pretty child! At the voice of a female in distress, Loïs quitted the reeds, and put on, blushing, his lamb's-skin, suspended from a willow. He crossed the Seine on a sand-bank, and giving his hand to Ceres, he shewed her a path amid the waters.

"'Ceres having crossed the river, gave the child Loïs a cake, a sheaf of corn, and a kiss. She then explained to him that bread is made with wheat, and that wheat grows in the fields. Many thanks, beauteous stranger, said Loïs; I will carry your instructions and your kind presents to my mother.

"'The mother of Loïs shared the cake and the kiss with her husband and her child. The enraptured father dug up a field and sowed the wheat. The earth was soon covered with a golden harvest, and the intelligence was soon diffused over all the land, that a goddess had brought a celestial plant to the Gauls.

"'Near the place lived a Druid, who had the care of the forests. He distributed among the Gauls for their food, beech-mast and acorns. When he saw a cultivated field, covered with a rich harvest, he said: 'What will become of my power, if men live upon corn?'

"'He called Loïs. My pretty friend, said he, where were you when you saw the stranger with the fine sheaves? The ungsuspecting Loïs conducted him to the bank of the Seine. I was under that silvery willow, said he, running on those white daisies: I went to hide myself among the reeds, for

I was naked. The traitorous Druid smiled: he seized Loïs, and plunged him to the bottom of the river.

" 'The mother of Loïs finding that her son did not return, went into the wood, and cried: where are you, Loïs, Loïs, my dear child? The echoes repeated, Loïs, Loïs, my dear child. She ran overwhelmed with anguish along the banks of the Seine. She perceived something white on its shores. He is not far off, said she; there are his favorite flowers, his white daisies. Alas! it was Loïs, her dear child Loïs.

" 'She wept, she groaned, she sighed: she grasped in her trembling arms the ice-cold body of her Loïs, and pressed him in the vain hope of his revival in her bosom, but the heart of the mother could no longer warm the corpse of the son, and the corpse of the son already began to chill the heart of the mother; she was ready to die. The Druid from the top of a neighboring rock beheld with exultation the effects of his vengeance.

" 'The gods do not always come at the call of the wretched; but at the cry of an unhappy mother, Ceres appeared. Loïs, said she, be thou the fairest flower in Gaul. The pale cheeks of Loïs were instantly transformed into a flower whiter than snow; his auburn hair was changed to fillets of gold, and diffused a delicious perfume. His stately stem shot up towards heaven, but his head is still inclined over the banks of the river which he loved. Loïs was converted into a lily.

" 'The priest of Pluto beheld this prodigy unmoved. He raised his head and his irritated eye toward the superior deities. He blasphemed, he

menaced Ceres; he was about to lay his impious hands on her, when she cried: Stop, cruel and ferocious tyrant.

"'At the command of the goddess he remained motionless. The rock opened, the legs of the Druid sunk into it. His bearded face, inflamed with rage, was turned towards heaven in the form of a purple brush, and the garments which covered his murderous arms were bristled with prickles. The Druid became a thistle.

"'As for thee, said the goddess of corn, who wouldst nourish men as beasts, become thyself the food of animals. Be the enemy of harvests after thy death, as thou wast during thy life. And thou, beauteous flower of Loïs, be the ornament of the Seine, and let thy victorious blossom in the hand of kings, one day vanquish the misletoe of the Druids.

"'Brave followers of Carnut, come and live in my city. The flower of Loïs perfumes my gardens; young maidens night and day sing his adventures, in my fields. Each is there engaged in easy and cheerful labors; and my store-houses, beloved of Ceres, bend beneath my abundant harvests.'

"Scarcely had Bardus finished his song, when the warriors of the north, who were dying of hunger, abandoned the son of Tendal, and became inhabitants of Lutetia. 'Oh!' said the good king repeatedly to me, why have I not here some famous minstrel of Greece or of Egypt, to polish the minds of my subjects! Nothing softens the hearts of men like excellent songs. Those who know how

to compose verses and interesting fictions need not a sceptre to ensure their empire.

"He took me and Cephas to see the place where he had caused the trees and seeds saved from the wreck to be planted. It was on the side of a hill, in a southern exposure. I was delighted to see the trees we had brought full of sap and vigor. I first discovered the quince of Crete by its downy and odoriferous fruits, the walnut of Jupiter by its brilliant green, the filberd, the fig, the poplar, the pear-tree of Mount Ida, with its pyramidal fruit; all these came from the island of Crete. There were also vines of Thasos, and young chesnut-trees of the island of Sardinia. I beheld an extensive region within the compass of a little garden. Among these vegetables were certain plants of my country, among others, hemp and flax. These gave the greatest pleasure to the king on account of their utility. He had admired the cloth made with them in Egypt, more durable and more flexible than the skins with which most of the Gauls were clothed. The king took delight in weeding and watering these plants with his own hands. The hemp was already as high as a man, and the flax in flower covered the earth with an azure cloud.

"While Cephas and I were enjoying the satisfaction of doing good, we were informed that the Britons, proud of their recent successes, and not contented with contesting with the Gauls the empire of the sea which separates them, prepared to attack them by land, and to sail up the Seine in order to carry fire and sword into the midst of their

country. They embarked in a prodigious number of vessels, at a promontory of their island, which is separated only by a narrow streight from the continent. They coasted along the shore of Gaul, and they were on the point of entering the Seine, the dangers of which they evade, by putting into bays sheltered from the fury of Neptune. The invasion of the Britons was known throughout all Gaul, at the moment when they began to execute their design; for the Gauls kindle fires on the mountains, and by the number of those fires, and the thickness of the smoke, they give intelligence, which flies more swiftly than the birds.

"On receiving notice of the departure of the Britons, the combined forces of the Gauls advanced to defend the mouth of the Seine. They marched under the banners of their chiefs, consisting of the skins of wolves, of bears, of vultures, of eagles, or some other ferocious animal, suspended from the end of a pole. That of King Bardus and his island was the figure of a ship, the emblem of commerce. Cephas and I accompanied the king in this expedition. In a few days all the Gallic troops had assembled on the shores of the sea.

"Three opinions were given on the best means of defending the coast. The first was to drive stakes into it, to prevent the Britons from landing; this might have been easily executed, as we were very numerous, and the forest was near. The second was to attack them at the moment of disembarking, and the third was not to expose the troops on the descent of the enemy, but to attack them when they should have advanced into the woods and vallies. None of these opinions was adopted,

for discord reigned among the chiefs of the Gauls. All wished to command, and none of them was disposed to obey. During their deliberations the enemy appeared, and landed while they were putting themselves in order.

"Without Cephas our cause had been desperate. Before the arrival of the Britons he had advised king Bardus to divide his forces, composed of the inhabitants of Lutetia, into two bodies, to place himself in ambush with the strongest division in the woods which covered the rear of the mountain of Heva, while he, Cephas, should engage the enemy with the other division, in conjunction with the rest of the Gauls. I requested Cephas to form a detachment from his division, of the young men who, like me, burned with impatience to meet the enemy, and to give me the command of them. 'I fear no danger,' said I to him, 'I have passed through all the trials which the priests of Thebes impose upon the initiated, without ever being afraid.' Cephas hesitated for some moments. He then placed under my direction the young men of his troop, recommending to them as well as to me, not to straggle far from his division.

"Meanwhile the enemy effected a landing. At the sight of them many of the Gauls advanced towards them with loud shouts; but as they attacked in small bodies they were easily repulsed; and it would have been impossible to bring them again into order, had they not come and rallied in our rear. We soon perceived that the Britons were marching to attack us. The young men whom I commanded then rushed forward, and we advanced

o meet them, regardless whether we were followed
y the rest of the Gauls. As we drew nearer, we
erceived that the enemy formed but one long,
lose, deep column, which advanced slowly to-
ards us, while their vessels were hastening to en-
er the river, in order to attack us in the rear. I
as daunted, I must own, at the sight of such a
ultitude of half-naked barbarians, painted red
nd blue, marching in silence, and in the best or-
er. But when showers of darts, arrows, stones and
aden balls, suddenly discharged by the silent co-
umn, knocked down several of our number, pierc-
ing them through and through, my companions
hen betook themselves to flight. I was myself on
he point of forgetting that it was my duty to set
hem an example, when I perceived Cephas at my
ide; he was followed by the whole army. 'Let
s call upon Hercules,' said he, 'and attack them.'
The presence of my friend revived my courage. I
remained at my post, and we charged with pikes.
The first enemy I encountered was an inhabitant of
the Hebrides; his stature was gigantic. The sight
of his accoutrements excited horror: his shoulders
and his head were covered with the skin of a sting-
ray; round his neck he wore a collar of human
jaws, and his lance was the trunk of a young fir-
tree, pointed with the tooth of a whale. 'What
dost thou ask of Hercules?' said he to me. 'Here
he comes to meet thee.' At the same time he aimed
at me such a furious blow with his enormous lance,
that, had it struck me, it would have nailed me to
the earth, into which it penetrated to a considera-
ble depth. While he was endeavoring to disengage
it, I pierced his throat with a stake with which I

was armed; a thick stream of black blood immediately issued from the wound, and the Briton fell, biting the dust and blaspheming the gods.

"Meanwhile our troops, united in a single body, were engaged with the enemy. Club met club, buckler clashed with buckler, and lance crossed lance. As two fierce bulls dispute the empire of the plains; their horns are entwined, their foreheads meet, they drive against each other, bellowing all the time; and whether they retreat or advance, neither of them separates from his rival; so we fought, hand to hand. Nevertheless this column, which was so superior to us in number, began to overpower us, when king Bardus charged it in the rear with his soldiers, who raised a loud shout. A panic immediately seized these barbarians, whose intention it was to surround us, and who were now surrounded themselves. They broke their ranks, and fled towards the sea-shore to regain their vessels, which were at some distance. We made a great slaughter among them, and took a considerable number of prisoners.

"After the battle I said to Cephas: 'The Gauls owe the victory to the counsels you gave the king, and I am indebted to you for honor. I demanded a post, with the nature of which I was unacquainted. It was my duty to set an example, and this I was incapable of doing, when your presence encouraged me. I am proud that the initiations of Egypt had inured me to every danger; but it is easy to be brave in a danger which you are sure of surviving.' 'O Amasis!' replied Cephas, 'it requires greater strength to acknowledge our faults, than weakness to commit them. It is Hercules

no has given us the victory; but next to him the rprize which deprived our enemies of their cou-ge, and which checked yours. Military valor is equired by exercise, like all other virtues. We ught on all occasions to be diffident of ourselves. vain we trust to our experience, we ought to rely nly on the succour of the gods. While we fortify urselves on one side, fortune strikes us on the other. 'is only confidence in the gods that can screen a an on every side.'

"Part of the spoils of the Britons was conse-rated to Hercules. The Druids were desirous hat the prisoners of war should be burned, be-ause the enemy treated in the same manner such f the Gauls as fell into their hands in battle. But I presented myself before the assembly of the Gauls, and thus addressed them: 'O people of Gaul! ye see by my example whether the gods ap-prove of human sacrifices. They have placed vic-tory in your generous hands, and would you now tain them with the blood of your wretched cap-tives? Has not enough blood been shed in the fury of battle? Will you now spill more without anger, and amid the joys of triumph? Your enemies sa-crifice their prisoners; excel them in generosity, as you surpass them in courage.' The tables and all the warriors applauded my words. They de-creed that prisoners of war should in future be re-duced to the condition of slaves.

"Thus I was the cause of the suppression of the law which condemned them to the flames. It was likewise through me that they had abolished the custom of sacrificing innocent men to Mars, and making slaves of shipwrecked persons: so that on

three occasions I was of service to the cause of humanity in Gaul, once by my success, and twice by my misfortunes, so true it is, that the gods produce good from evil whenever they please.

"We returned to Lutetia, loaded by the people with honors and applause. The first thing the king did on his arrival was to take us to see his gardens. Most of the trees were in bearing. His admiration was first excited by the manner in which Nature had preserved their fruits from the attacks of birds. The chesnut, still milky, was covered with a leathern coat and a prickly husk. The tender walnut was protected by a hard shell and a bitter rind. The soft fruits were defended before the period of maturity by their tartness, their acidity, or their greenness. Those that were ripe invited the hand to pluck them. The gilded apricots, the velvet peaches, and the downy quinces exhaled the most delicious perfumes. The branches of the plumb-tree were laden with violet-colored fruits besprinkled with a white powder. Bunches of grapes, already of a lively red, were suspended from the vine, and from the half-open fig, amidst its broad foliage, distilled drops of honey and crystal. 'It is evident,' said the king, 'that these fruits are presents from the gods. They are not placed like the seeds of the trees of our forests, at a height where it is impossible to come at them, * but they are within reach of the hand. Their pleasing colors

* The walnut and chesnut grow to a great height; but their fruits *fall* when they are ripe, without breaking in their fall like soft fruits, which, besides, grow upon trees that are easy to climb.

delight the eye, their sweet perfumes please the smell, and they seem to be formed for the mouth by their shape and their roundness.' But when this good king had tasted them, he exclaimed: 'O real present of Jupiter, no food prepared by man can be compared to this! They surpass honey and cream in sweetness. O my dear friends, my worthy guests, you have given me what is more valuable than my kingdom. You have transported to savage Gaul a portion of delicious Egypt. I prefer a single one of these trees to all the mines of tin which make the Britons so rich and so haughty.'

"He sent for the principal inhabitants of the city, and gave each of them some of these wonderful fruits to taste. He recommended to them to preserve the seeds with the greatest care, and to put them into the earth in the proper season. From the joy of this good king and of his people, I felt that the highest pleasure of man is to do good to his fellow-creatures.

"Cephas said to me: 'It is time to shew my countrymen the use of the arts of Egypt. I have saved most of our machines from the wreck of our vessel; but hitherto they have been useless, and I durst not even look at them, for they revived too powerfully the recollection of your loss. This is the moment for availing ourselves of them. This corn is ready to cut; this hemp and this flax will very soon be ripe.'

"When we had gathered the crops of these plants, we instructed the king and his people in the use of mills to reduce the wheat to flour, and the different processes by which it is made into

bread.* Before our arrival the Gauls stripped the wheat, oats and barley of their husks, and bruising them with wooden pestles in the hollow trunks of trees, they merely boiled the grain, thus reduced to powder, for their food. We then shewed them how to steep hemp in water, to separate it from the refuse, to dry it, to break it, to peel it, to comb it, to spin it, and to twist a number of its threads together, in order to make cords. We explained to them how these cords, from their strength and flexibility are fit to be the nerves of all machines. We taught them to extend the threads of flax on looms, to make cloth of it by means of a shuttle, and how these occupations enable the young maidens to pass the long evenings of winter in innocence and in joy.

"We instructed them in the use of the augre, the plane, and the saw, invented by the ingenious Dædalus; we told them that these utensils supply man with new hands, and fashion for his use a multitude of trees, the wood of which would else be lost in the forests. We taught them to form out of their knotty trunks large screws, and heavy presses, fit for expressing the juice of an infinite number of fruits, and for extracting the oils of the hardest fruit-stones. They obtained no great quantity of grapes from our vines, but we excited in them a strong desire to multiply them by cuttings, nd

* The Gauls, like all other savage nations, lived on thick milk, or frumenty. The Romans themselves were strangers, for 500 years, to the use of bread. According to Pliny, frumenty served for their principal nourishment

on account of the excellence of their fruits, by making them taste the wines of Crete and island of Thasos, which we had saved in

After shewing them the use of an infinite mul-de of things which Nature has placed on the th, and in the sight of man, we taught them to cover those which are hidden under his feet; r to find water in situations the most remote m rivers, by means of wells, invented by Da-as; in what manner to discover metals buried in bowels of the earth; how, after they are melted o masses, they are forged on the anvil; to di-le them into bars and sheets; how, by means of re easy labors, clay is moulded on the wheel of potter into figures and vessels of every form. surprized them still more by shewing them glass ttles, made of sand and flint. They were asto-shed in the highest degree to observe that while liquor they contained was apparent to the eye, was intangible by the hand.

"But when we read to them the books of Hermes Trismegistus, which treat of the liberal arts and natural sciences, their admiration exceeded all ounds. At first they were unable to comprehend ow words could proceed from a silent book, and ow the thoughts of the early Egyptians could be ransmitted even to them on fragile leaves of papy-rus. When they afterwards heard the account of our discoveries, when they beheld the prodigies of mechanics, which moves the heaviest weights by means of small levers, and those of geometry, which measures inaccessible distances, they were quite transported. The wonders of chemistry and

magic, with the various phenomena of physics, kept them in a continual extacy. But when we had predicted an eclipse of the moon, which prior to our arrival, they had considered as an accidental fainting of that planet, and saw that, at the appointed moment, the luminary of night was darkened in the midst of a serene sky, they fell at our feet, saying: 'Certainly ye are gods!' Omfi, the young Druid, who had manifested such sensibility at the period of my misfortunes, was present at all our instructions. 'From your great knowledge, and the important blessings you have brought us,' said he, 'I am tempted to look upon you as some of the superior gods; but from the distresses you have undergone, I see that you are only men like ourselves. You have, doubtless, discovered some method of ascending to heaven, or the inhabitants of heaven have descended to happy Egypt, to communicate to you so many blessings, and so much knowledge. Your sciences and your arts surpass our intelligence, and cannot be the effects of any but a divine power. You are the favored children of the superior gods; as for us, Jupiter has abandoned us to the infernal deities. Our country is covered with sterile forests, the abodes of malignant genii, who sow among us discord, civil wars, terrors, ignorance, and gloomy opinions. Our lot is a thousand times more deplorable than that of the beasts, who being provided by nature with raiment, food, and shelter, follow their instinct without deviation, and without fear of infernal torments.

"'The gods,' replied Cephas, 'have not been unjust towards any country, or towards any indi-

idual. Every region possesses advantages which re peculiar to itself, and which enable it to main- ain a communication with all the nations of the arth, by means of reciprocal exchanges. Gaul as metals which Egypt has not; its forests are nore beautiful; its herds yield more milk, and its heep have richer fleeces. But the lot of man, herever he may be placed, is always far superior o that of beasts, because he possesses reason, which s unfolded in proportion to the obstacles it sur- mounts; because he alone, among animals, can ap- ply to his use means which nothing can resist, such as fire. Thus Jupiter has given him the empire of the earth, by enlightening his reason with the very intelligence of Nature, and by entrusting to him alone that element, which is her first moving prin- ciple.'

"Cephas then spoke to Omfi and to the Gauls of the rewards reserved in another world for virtue and beneficence, and of the punishments destined for vice and tyranny; of the transmigration of souls, and of the other mysteries of the religion of Egypt, as far as a stranger is permitted to acquire a knowledge of them. The Gauls, enchanted with his discourses and with our presents, called us their benefactors, their fathers, and the real interpreters of the gods. King Bardus said to us: 'Jupiter shall be the only object of my adoration. Since Jupiter loves man- kind, he must in a particular manner protect kings, whose duty it is to study the welfare of nations. I will likewise honor Isis, who brought his bles- sings to the earth, that she may present the prayers of my people to the sovereign of the gods.' At the same time he ordered a temple to be erected to

Isis, * at some distance from the city, in the midst of the forest; that her statue should be placed in it with the infant Orus in her arms, like one which we had brought in our vessel; that she should be served with all the ceremonies of Egypt; that her priestesses, clothed in linen, should honor her, night and day, by songs, and by a pure life, which brings man nearer to the gods.

"He was then desirous of learning to read and write the ionic characters. He was so struck with the utility of writing, that in a transport of joy he sung these verses:

"'Behold the magic characters which are able to call forth the dead from the recesses of the grave. They tell us what our fathers thought a thousand years ago; and a thousand years hence they will make known to our children what we now think. No arrow can go so far, no lance is so strong. They will reach a man entrenched on the summit of a mountain, they penetrate the head in spite of the helmet, they make their way to the heart in spite of the breast-plate. They quell seditions, they give sage counsels, they excite love, they afford consolation, and they impart strength; but in the hands of the wicked they produce a contrary effect.'

"'My son,' said this good king one day to me, are the moons of thy country more beautiful than ours? Is any thing left for thee to regret in Egypt? Thou hast brought hither all the best things it af-

* It is asserted that the ancient church of St. Geneviere was a temple of Isis, prior to the introduction of christianity into Gaul.

He offers Amasis his daughter Gotha in marriage.

fords, its plants, its arts, and its sciences. All Egypt ought to be here for thee. Remain with us. Thou shalt reign after me over the Gauls. I have no child but an only daughter; I will give her to thee in marriage. Believe me, a nation more than compensates for a family, and a good wife for the loss of one's country. Gotha lives in yon island, the trees of which you may distinguish; for it is fit that a young maiden should be brought up far from men, and, in particular, from the court of kings.'

"The desire of making a nation happy suspended the love of country within my bosom. I consulted Cephas, who approved the project of the king. I therefore requested the prince to let me be conducted to the place where his daughter lived, that, according to the custom of the Egyptians, I might render myself agreeable to her who was destined to be the partner of my pleasures and of my pains. The king directed an aged female, who came every day to the palace to fetch provisions for Gotha, to take me to her. Accordingly I embarked with the old woman, in a boat laden with provisions; and resigning ourselves to the current, we soon arrived at the island where dwelt the daughter of king Bardus. It is called the Island of Swans, because those birds resort to it in spring, and build their nests in the reeds which border its shores, feeding upon the *anserina potentilla*,* which grows there in abundance. We landed

* The *anserina potentilla* is very commonly found on the banks of the Seine in the vicinity of Paris. The flowers sometimes make them appear quite yellow towards the c-

and perceived the princess seated under the shade of some alders, in the midst of a lawn quite yellow with the flowers of the anserina. She was surrounded by swans, which she enticed to her by throwing them grains of corn. Though she was in the shade of the trees, she surpassed those birds in whiteness, by the delicacy of her complexion, and of her robe, which was of ermine. Her hair was of the finest black; it was bound, as well as her robe, with a red ribbon. Two women, who attended her at some distance, advanced to meet us. One fastened our boat to the branches of a willow, and the other, taking me by the hand, conducted me to her mistress. The young princess desired me to sit down on the grass beside her, after which she presented me boiled flour of millet, and a roasted duck, upon the bark of the birch, and goat's milk in the horn of an elk. She then waited in silence for me to explain the object of my visit.

"When I had tasted, according to custom, of the things that were set before me, I said to her: 'Fair Gotha! I wish to become the son-in-law of the king your father; and I am come with his

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clusion of summer. The flower is rosiform, nearly as large as a half-crown, with a low stalk. It completely covers the earth, as does likewise the foliage, which extends to a great distance in the form of a net. Geese are very fond of this plant. Its leaves, in the shape of a goose's foot, lie close to the ground, and permit the aquatic birds to walk upon them, as on a carpet. The yellow color of the flowers forms a very pleasing contrast with the azure of the river, and the verdure of the trees, but especially with the mingled plumage of the geese, which may be perceived upon it at a great distance.

consent to learn whether my suit is agreeable to you.'

"The daughter of king Bardus fixed her eyes on the ground, and said: 'O stranger! I am asked in marriage by many iarles, who daily make my father great presents to obtain my hand; but I love none of them. As for thee, I believe, that shouldst thou become my husband, thou wouldst make me happy, since thou already conferrest happiness on my people. Thou shalt teach me the arts of Egypt, and I will be like the good Isis of thy country, of whom so many excellent things are related in Gaul.'

"Having thus spoken, she looked at my garments, admired the fineness of the texture, desired her women to examine them, and they raised their hands toward heaven with surprize. She then looked at me, and added: 'Though thou comest from a country abounding in all sorts of riches and productions of art, thou must not think that I want for any thing, or that I am myself destitute of ingenuity. My father has brought me up in the love of industry, and supplies me with all things in abundance.

"At the same time she took me to her palace, where twenty women were employed in plucking river-birds, and making robes for her with the plumage. She shewed me baskets and mats of very fine rushes, which she had herself woven; a great number of tin vessels; one hundred skins of wolves, martens and foxes, and twenty skins of bears. 'All these goods,' said she, 'shall be thine if thou marriest me; but on condition that thou shalt have no other wife than me, that thou shalt not oblige me

to cultivate the earth, or to go in quest of the skins of stags and wild oxen thou mayst kill in the forests, for these are customs to which husbands subject their wives in this country, and which are not at all pleasing to me: that if thou shalt ever be tired of living with me, thou shalt send me back to this island, whither thou art come to visit me, where my pleasure consists in tending my swans, and singing the praises of Senia, the nymph of Ceres.'

"I smiled within myself at the ingenuousness of the daughter of King Bardus, and at the sight of what she called her goods; but as the genuine riches of a woman consist in industry, simplicity, candor, gentleness, and no other dowry can be compared to her virtues, I answered: 'O fair Gotha, marriage, among the Egyptians, is an equal union, a common participation in the goods and ills of life. You will be dear to me as the half of myself.' I then presented her with a quantity of flax, prepared from plants raised in the gardens of the king her father. She took it with joy, and said: 'My friend, I will spin this flax, and will make a robe of it for my wedding-day.' She presented me in return with this dog, so covered with hair that you can scarcely see his eyes. 'This dog's name,' said she, 'is Gallus; he is of a very faithful breed. He will follow thee over the whole world, upon snow, and in water. He will attend thee to the chace, and even to battle. He will ever be to thee a faithful companion, and an emblem of my love.' As it drew towards evening, she informed me that it was time to return, telling me not to come down the river in future, but to go by land along the

ank till I was opposite to her island, when her omen would come to fetch me, in order to con-eal our happiness from jealous rivals. I took leave her, and returned home, revolving in my mind thousand pleasing projects.

"One day when, agreeably to her advice, I was oing along one of the paths through the forest to isit her, I met one of the principal iarles, attended y a great number of his vassals. They were rmed, as if they were going to battle. As for me, I was unarmed, like a man who is at peace with all he world, and whose ideas are entirely absorbed by courtship and love. This iarle advanced towards me with a furious air, and said: 'What art thou come to do in this land of warriors with thy feminine arts? Dost thou pretend to teach us to spin flax, and to obtain the fair Gotha as thy reward? My name is Torstan. I was one of the companions of Carnut. I have been engaged in twenty-two sea-fights and thirty single combats. Thrice have I fought Wittekind, that famous king of the north. I will carry thy hair to the feet of the god Mars, from whom thou hast escaped, and drink the milk of my herds out of thy skull.'

"After such a brutal address I had no doubt that the barbarian was going to assassinate me; but combining honor with ferocity, he took off his helmet and his breast-plate, which were of ox-hide, and offered me two drawn swords, that I might take my choice.

"It was useless to reason with a jealous and furious rival. I secretly invoked Jupiter, the protector of strangers, and chusing the shortest sword, which though the lightest, I was scarcely able to

Combat between Amasis and Tigranes.

wield, we began a terrible fight, while his vassals surrounded us as witnesses, till the earth should be dyed with the blood of their chief, or with that of their guest.

"It was my intention at first to disarm my enemy, that I might spare his life; but he would not give me an opportunity; he was transported with rage. The first blow he aimed at me shivered a large splinter from a neighboring oak-tree. I eluded the stroke by stooping. This redoubled his insolence. 'And if thou stoopest to hell,' said he, 'thou shalt not escape me.' Then grasping his sword with both hands, he rushed furiously upon me; but Jupiter giving composure to my mind, I parried with the back of my sword the blow with which he hoped to dispatch me, and presenting the point, he ran it himself a great way into his breast. Two streams of blood instantly gushed from his wound and from his mouth; he fell upon his back; his hands dropped his sword, his eyes turned towards heaven, and he expired. His vassals immediately surrounded the body with loud cries. But they suffered me to depart without doing me any injury; for great generosity reigns among those barbarians. I returned to the city, lamenting my victory.

"I related what had happened to Cephas and to the king. 'These jarles,' said the king, 'give me great uneasiness. They tyrannize over my people. If there is a bad man in the country, they fail not to gain him over to them, in order to strengthen their party. They sometimes render themselves formidable even to me; but the Druids are still more troublesome than they. What me-

od can I adopt to weaken these two powers? I ave thought that by increasing the influence of he iarles, I should raise a barrier against that of he Druids; but the reverse has been the conse-uence. The power of the Druids has likewise en-reased. It appears as if they were in league with ach other, to extend their oppressions over my eople, and even to my guests. O stranger,' said e to me, 'you have had too much experience of t.' Then turning to Cephas: 'O my friend!' dded he, 'who have acquired in your travels the xperience necessary for the government of men, ive some advice to a king, who has never been eyond the limits of his country. I am thoroughly onvinced that kings ought to travel.'

"'O king!' replied Cephas, 'I will unfold to ou a portion of the policy and philosophy of Egypt. One of the fundamental laws of Nature is, hat every thing should be governed by contraries. From contraries results the harmony of the world; and it is the same with that of nations. The power of arms and that of religion are in opposition among every nation. These two powers are necessary for the preservation of the state. When the people are oppressed by their chiefs, they seek protection of their priests; and when they are oppressed by their priests, they flee for refuge to their chiefs. The power of the Druids has therefore encreased in your dominions in the same proportion as that of the iarles; for these two powers every where counterbalance each other. Would you diminish either of them, instead of increasing the opposite one, as you did, you ought, on the contrary, to de-crease it.

Cephas explains to Bardus the principles of government.

" ' There is a still more simple and more certai
method of diminishing at once the two powers whic
give you so much trouble, namely, to render you
people happy. They will then seek no protectio
but from you, and those two powers will soon b
destroyed, since they owe all their influence to th
opinion of the people. This you will effect, b
furnishing the Gauls with abundant means of sul
sistence, by propagating the arts which embelli
human life, and in particular by honoring and pr
moting agriculture, by which it is supported.
your people live in abundance, so will likewise th
iarles and the Druids. When these two class
shall be satisfied with their lot, they will not see
to disturb the happiness of others; they will n
longer have at their disposal that multitude of m
serable, half-naked and half-famished creature
who, to procure a subsistence, are always ready
further the violence of the one, or the superstiti
of the others. The result of this humane poli
will be, that your own honor, strengthened by th
of a people made happy by your care, will annih
late that of the iarles and of the Druids. In eve
well-regulated monarchy, the power of the king
in the people, and that of the people is in the kin
you will then bring back your nobles and yo
priests to their natural functions. The iarles wi
defend the nation abroad, and will no longer o
press it at home. The Druids will cease to gove
the Gauls by a system of terror, but they will co
sole and assist them by their knowledge and the
counsels, to endure the ills of life, for such is th
duty of the ministers of every religion.

Cephas instructs Bardus in the principles of politics.

"'By such policy, Egypt has attained a degree of power and felicity which has made her the centre of nations, and the wisdom of her priests is celebrated over the whole world. Remember, therefore, this maxim, that all excess in the power of a religious or a military body proceeds from the misery of the people, because from them all power originates. 'Tis only by making the people happy that this excess can be destroyed.

"'When your authority shall be sufficiently established, delegate part of it to magistrates chosen from your best subjects. Pay especial attention to the education of the children of your people; but beware of entrusting it to the first comer who may be desirous of undertaking the charge, and still less to any particular body, such as that of the Druids, whose interests are always different from those of the state. Consider the education of the children of your people as the most important portion of your administration. 'Tis this alone that forms the citizens, and without it the best laws are of no value.

"In the mean time, till you are able to lay in a solid manner the foundations of the happiness of the Gauls, oppose barriers to their miseries. Give entertainments in which sorrow is dispelled by singing and dancing. Counterbalance the united influence of the iarles and of the Druids by that of the women. Assist them in breaking the fetters of domestic slavery. Let them be present at your feasts, at your assemblies, and even at your religious festivals. Their natural gentleness will gradually soften the ferocity of manners and of religion.'

The Gauls prepare to revenge the Death of Torstan.

"Your observations,' answered the king, 'are full of truth, and your maxims are replete with wisdom. I will profit by them. I will make this city famous for its industry. Meanwhile my people can receive no higher gratification than from amusements and singing; I will compose the songs myself. With regard to the women, I am truly of opinion that they may be of essential assistance to me; by means of them I will begin to make my people happy, at least through morals, if I cannot through laws.'

"While the good king was thus speaking, we perceived the body of Torstan on the opposite bank of the Seine. It was quite naked, and appeared like a heap of snow upon the grass. It was surrounded by his friends and his vassals, who, at intervals, raised hideous cries. One of his friends crossed the river in a bark, and came to the king, saying: 'Blood for blood: let the Egyptian perish!' The king returned no answer to the man, but when he was gone, he said to me: 'Your defence was lawful: but yet, if you remain here, you will be obliged, by the laws, to fight in succession all the friends of Torstan, who are very numerous, and you must fall sooner or later. On the other hand, if I protect you against them, as I certainly shall, you will involve this rising city in your own destruction; for the relatives, friends and vassals of Torstan will infallibly lay siege to it, and they will be joined by great numbers of Gauls, rouzed to vengeance by the Druids who are irritated against you. However, be assured, that you will here find men who will not abandon you in the greatest dangers.'

The Gauls prepare to revenge the death of Torstan.

"He immediately issued orders for the security of the city, and all the inhabitants disposed to sustain a siege in my behalf, flocked to the ramparts. Here they collected heaps of stones, there they placed large cross-bows, and long beams armed with iron spikes. Meanwhile we beheld a great multitude of people advancing along the banks of the Seine. These were the friends, the relatives, and the vassals of Torstan, with their slaves, the partizans of the Druids, those who were jealous of the establishment of the king, and such as, from inconstancy, were desirous of novelty. Some descended the river in barks, others traversed the forest in long columns, and stopped on the banks opposite to Lutetia, where they collected in infinite numbers. It was now impossible for me to escape. I could not rely on succeeding in the attempt under cover of the darkness; for at night the discontented kindled a multitude of fires, which completely illumined the whole channel of the river.

"In this dilemma I formed within myself a resolution which was pleasing to Jupiter. As I had nothing to expect from men, I determined to throw myself into the arms of virtue, and to save the rising city by delivering myself into the hands of my enemies. Scarcely had I placed my confidence in the gods, when they came to my relief.

"Omfi appeared before us, holding in his hand an oak-bough with a branch of misletoe that had grown round it. At the sight of this plant, which had nearly proved fatal to me, I shuddered with horror; but I knew not that man frequently owes his preservation to that which caused his ruin, and that he is frequently involved in ruin by things to

Origin of the veneration paid to the misletoe.

which he owed his preservation. 'O king!' sai
Omfi. 'O Cephas! banish all apprehension;
bring what will save your friend. Young stranger
said he to me, 'had even all the Gauls combine
against thee, here is something that will enable the
to pass through their midst, while none of th
enemies will venture only to look thee in the fac
It is this branch of misletoe, which has grown
this bough of oak. I will relate to thee the ci
cumstance from which this plant, equally formid
ble to the men and to the gods of this country, d
rives its power.—Balder one day told his moth
Friga he had dreamt that he died. Friga intreat
the fire, metals, stones, diseases, water, anima
serpents, not to hurt her son; and the intreaties
Friga were so powerful, that nothing could re
them. Balder therefore, mingled in the battles
the gods, amidst showers of darts, fearless of da
ger. Lok, his enemy, was anxious to discover t
reason. He assumed the form of an old woma
and went to Friga. He said to her; 'In battle t
lances and the rocks fall upon your son Bald
without doing him any injury.' 'I know it,' sa
Friga, 'they have all sworn they would not. N
thing in nature can hurt him. This favor I ha
obtained of every thing that has power. There
only one shrub which I have not asked, because
seemed to me to be too weak. It was clinging
the trunk of an oak, had scarcely any root, a
lived without earth. It is call Misiltein.' Th
spoke Friga. Lok immediately ran to seek t
shrub; and entering the assembly of the gods wh
they were engaged with the invulnerable Balde
(for their sports are battles) he approached the blin

Origin of the veneration paid to the mistletoe.

Hæder. Why, said he, dost thou not likewise discharge shafts at Balder? I am blind answered Hœder, and have no weapons. Lok gave him the misletoe, and said: Balder is before thee. The blind Hœder threw the misletoe, which pierced Balder, who fell lifeless. Thus the invulnerable son of a goddess was killed by a branch of misletoe, thrown by the hand of the blind.* Such is the origin of the veneration paid by the Gauls to this shrub.

"'Pity, O stranger, a people governed by fear instead of reason. On thy arrival I fondly hoped that thou wouldst raise the empire to prosperity by the arts of Egypt, and behold the accomplishment of an ancient and highly celebrated oracle, which predicted for this city the most brilliant destiny; that its temples should tower above the forests, that it should collect in its bosom men of every nation; that the ignorant should repair thither in quest of knowledge, the wretched to seek consolation, and that the gods should there hold communication with men, as in the happy land of Egypt. But the time is still far distant.

"The king said to Cephas and me: 'O my friends, avail yourselves without delay of the suc-

* This story of Balder bears an extraordinary resemblance to that of Achilles, plunged by Thetis, his mother, into the Styx, with the exception of his heel, to render him invulnerable, and afterwards killed by an arrow discharged by the effeminate Paris, which penetrated the part that had not been dipped into the water.

These two fables of the Greeks and of the savage nations of the north, inculcate a very just moral sentiment, namely, that the strong ought never to despise the weak.

cour which Omfi has brought you.' At the same time he ordered a bark to be equipped and manned with good rowers. He gave us two pikes of ash which he had made himself, and two bars of gold, the first fruits of his commerce. He then directed some trusty men to conduct us to the Veneti. 'These,' said he, 'are the best mariners of Gaul. They will supply you with the means of returning to your country, for their vessels visit the Mediterranean. They are, besides, a benevolent people. As for you, O my friends! your names will ever be celebrated in Gaul. I will compose songs in honor of Cephas and Amasis, and while I live, these shores shall oft resound with their names.'

"We took leave of this excellent king and of Omfi, my deliverer. They accompanied us to the banks of the Seine, shedding tears as well as we. As we passed through the city crowds of people followed us, giving us marks of the most tender affection. The women brought their young children in their arms, and on their shoulders, and shewed us, weeping, the linen in which they were dressed. We bade adieu to king Bardus and to Omfi, who could scarcely prevail upon themselves to part from us. We long beheld them on the loftier tower of the city making signs with their hands to bid us adieu.

"No sooner had we left the island, than the friends of Torstan hurried on board a multitude of barks, and came with hideous outcries to attack us. But at the sight of the sacred shrub which I held in my hand, and lifted high in the air, they fell prostrate in their vessels, as if they had been struck by a divine power, such is the influence of super-

stition over misguided minds. We thus passed through the midst of them without incurring the least danger.

"We continued our course up the river a whole day. We then landed, and proceeded towards the west through almost impassable forests. The ground was here and there covered with trees levelled by the hand of time. It was every where overgrown with mosses, so thick and moist, that we sometimes sunk in them up to the knees. The roads which divide these forests, and which serve as limits to the different nations of Gaul, were so little frequented, that large trees had grown up in the midst of them. The people by whom they were inhabited were still more wild and savage than their country. They had no other temples than some yew, blasted by lightning, or an aged oak, in which some Druid had placed the head of an ox with its horns. When, at night, the foliage of these trees was agitated by the winds, or illumined by the beams of the moon, they imagined that they saw spirits and deities in these forests. Impressed with religious awe, they then fell prostrate on the ground, and adored, trembling, the empty phantoms of their own imagination. Nay, our guides would never have ventured to traverse these places which religion had rendered so awful, had they not been much more encouraged by the branch of misletoe which I carried, than by our reasons.

"In travelling through Gaul, we found no rational worship of the deity, except one night, on reaching the summit of a snow-covered mountain, we perceived a fire in the midst of a wood of beech

and fir-trees. It was kindled upon a moss-clad rock, cut into the form of an altar. About it were heaps of dry wood, and the skins of wolves were suspended from the branches of the neighboring trees. No where else around this solitude, in the whole extent of the horizon, was any mark of human abode discernible. Our guides told us that this place was consecrated to the god of travellers. The word consecrated made me shudder. I said to Cephas: 'Let us leave this spot. I cannot help suspecting every altar in Gaul. Henceforth will I honor the deity only in the temples of Egypt.' 'Shun every religion,' replied Cephas, 'which subjects one man to another, in the name of the deity, were it even in Egypt, but wherever the interests of man are promoted, the deity is worthily honored, were it even in Gaul. For my part I sacrifice at every altar where the sorrows of mankind are soothed." He then fell prostrate before it, and offered up his supplication, then threw into the fire a piece of fir and some branches of juniper, which crackled and diffused a perfume around. I followed his example, after which we sat down at the foot of the rock, in a place overgrown with moss and sheltered from the north wind; and having covered ourselves with the skins that were suspended from the trees, we passed the night very comfortably, notwithstanding the severity of the cold. When morning came, our guides told us that we should travel till night over the same kind of hills, without finding either wood, fire, or habitation. We blessed Providence a second time, for the shelter it had afforded us: we again hung our skins with religious fidelity to the branches of the fir;

threw more wood upon the fire, and before we ntinued our journey, I engraved on the bark of beech the following words: *Cephas and Amasis e adored the God that protects travellers.*

We passed successively through the Carnutes, e Cenomani, the Diablintes, the Redones, the habitants of Dariorigum, and at length arrived nong the Veneti, at the western extremity of Gaul.* The Veneti are the most skilful mariners f these seas. They have even founded a colony f their name at the bottom of the Adriatic gulph. When they were informed that we were friends of ing Bardus, they treated us with the utmost kindess. They offered to take us directly to Egypt, ith which they have a commercial intercourse; but as they likewise trafficked in Greece, Cephas aid to me: 'Let us go to Greece; we shall there have frequent opportunities of returning to your country. The Greeks are friends of the Egyptians. To Egypt they owed the most illustrious founders of their cities. Cecrops gave laws to Athens, and Inachus to Argos. At Argos reigns Agamemnon, whose fame extends over every region of the earth. We shall there behold him covered with glory, in the bosom of his family, and surrounded by kings

* The Carnutes were the inhabitants of the country of Chartrain, the Cenomani those of Mans and the Diablintes were contiguous to the latter. The Redones, who inhabited the City of Rennes, had the Curiosolites in their vicinity; and the people of Dariorigum were neighbors to the Veneti, who inhabited Vannes in Lrctagne. Some have asserted that the Venetians of the Adriatic gulph, who bear the same appellation in Latin, derived their origin from them.

and heroes. If he is still at the siege of Troy, his vessels will easily carry us back to your native land; you have seen the highest degree of civilization in Egypt, you have witnessed barbarism in Gaul, but in Greece you will find a polish and an elegance that will delight you. You will thus have a spectacle of the three periods which most nations pass through. In the first they are beneath Nature, in the second they come up to her, and they go beyond her in the third.'

"The proposal of Cephas was too flattering to my ambition for glory, not to embrace the opportunity of becoming acquainted with men so famous as the Greeks, and especially Agamemnon. I awaited with impatience the return of weather favorable for navigation, for it was winter when we arrived among the Veneti. We spent this season in continual entertainments, according to the custom of those people. Spring came, and we embarked for Argos. Before we left Gaul, we were informed that our departure from Lutetia had restored tranquillity in the dominions of King Bardus, but that his daughter, the beauteous Gotha had retired with her women to the temple of Isis, to the service of which she had devoted herself, and that she made the forest resound night and day with her harmonious songs.

"I was deeply affected by the sorrows of this good king, who lost his daughter in consequence of our arrival in his country, which was destined one day to cover him with glory: and I learned by experience the truth of the ancient maxim, that public consideration is always acquired at the expence of domestic felicity.

After a long navigation we entered the streight
ercules. I felt great joy at the sight of the
of Africa, which reminded me of the climate
y country. We beheld Abila, the lofty range
ountains in Mauritania, bordering the streight
lercules, and that called the Seven Brothers,
ause they are all of equal height. They are co-
d from their summits down to the sea-shore
palm-trees laden with dates. We descried
rich hills of Numidia, crowned twice in the
with harvests, that ripen in the shade of olive-
s, while stately coursers pasture in all seasons,
heir ever-verdant vales. We coasted along the
es of the Syrtis, where grows the delicious fruit
ed Lothos, which, it is said, makes strangers
eat of it forget their country. We soon per-
ved the sands of Libya, amid which are placed
enchanted gardens of the Hesperides, as if Na-
e took delight in contrasting the most barren
h the most fertile regions. We heard at night
roaring of tigers and of lions, which come down
he coast to wash themselves in the sea; and at
dawn of day we saw them returning towards
mountains.

"But the ferocity of these animals is surpass'd
that of the men of those regions. Some sacri-
e their children to Saturn; others bury women
ve in the graves of their husbands. In some
aces, on the death of their kings, they murder
those by whom they were attended; in others
ey endeavour to allure strangers to their shores,
order to devour them. We had one day nearly
llen a prey to these anthropophages. We had
aded, and were peaceably exchanging with them

tin and iron for various kinds of excellent fruits which grow in their country, when they prepared an ambush for us, and it was with great difficulty we escaped. After this we never ventured to land on these inhospitable coasts, which Nature has in vain placed beneath such a beautiful sky.

"I was so irritated at the mortifications I had endured in my voyage undertaken for the good of mankind, and especially at this last act of perfidy, that I said to Cephas: I think all the world, excepting Egypt, is covered with barbarians. It appears as if absurd opinions, inhuman religions, and ferocious manners were the natural portion of every nation; and undoubtedly it is the will of Jove that they should be consigned to them for ever; for he has divided them into so many different languages, that the most benevolent man, so far from being able to reform them, cannot even make them understand what he says.'

"Cephas answered: 'Let us not accuse Jupiter as the author of human ills. Our understanding is so limited, that though we sometimes feel inconveniences, it is impossible for us to imagine how they might be remedied. If we take away any single one of the natural evils which shock us, we shall perceive a thousand others still more dangerous, produced by its absence. The different nations of the world cannot understand each other; this, according to you, is an evil; but if they all spoke the same language, the impostures, the errors, the prejudices, the cruel opinions peculiar to each, would be diffused over the whole face of the earth. The general confusion which now exists in their speech,

ould then be found in their ideas.' He shewed ne a bunch of grapes, 'Jupiter,' said he, 'has ivided the human race into several languages, as e has divided this bunch into many grapes, which ontain a great number of seeds, that, if one porion of those seeds should be destroyed by corruption, the other might be preserved.*

"Jupiter has divided the languages of men for o other purpose than that they might understand hat of Nature. Nature every where speaks to their hearts, enlightens their reason, and teaches them that happiness consists in a mutual interchange of good offices. On the contrary, the passions of the people universally deprave their hearts, obscure their understanding, produce hatred, discord, wars and superstitions, by pointing to private interest and the ruin of others, as the only road to felicity.

"'The division of tongues prevents these particular evils from becoming universal; if they are permanent among certain nations, it is because there

* Most fruits which contain an aggregation of seeds, as pomegranates, apples, pears, oranges, and even gramineous productions, such as ears of corn, bear them divided by soft skins, under fragile capsules; but those that contain only a single seed, or rarely two, as the walnut, the nut, the almond, the chesnut, the cocoa-nut, and all stone-fruits, as the cherry, the plumb, the apricot, the peach, produce them enveloped in extremely hard capsules, of wood, of stone, or of leather, formed with admirable art. Nature has ensured the preservation of aggregate seeds, by multiplying their cells, and that of solitary seeds, by strengthening the coverings in which they are enclosed.

are ambitious classes who take advantage of them; for error and vice are foreign to man. The office of virtue is to destroy these evils. Were it not for vice, virtue would scarcely have any thing to exercise it upon earth. You are going to visit the Greeks; if what is said of them be true, you will find in their manners a polish and an elegance that will delight you. Nothing can equal the virtue of their heroes exercised by protracted misfortunes.'

"All the experience I had acquired of the barbarism of nations, strengthened my desire to reach Argos, and to behold the great Agamemnon, happy in the midst of his family. We were already in sight of Cape Tenaros, and were on the point of doubling it, when a furious wind from Africa drove us towards the Strophades. We saw the sea breaking against the rocks which surround those islands. Now retiring, it exposed their cavernous foundations; now suddenly rising, it covered them, roaring, with a vast sheet of foam. Our sailors, however, in spite of the tempest, persisted in steering for Cape Tenaros, when a violent squall shivered our sails, and we were obliged to come to an anchor at Stenieclaros.

"From that port we set out for Argos by land. On our way to that residence of the king of kings, we met with you, O kind shepherd! Now, we are desirous to accompany you to Mount Lyceum, to behold the assembly of a people whose shepherds display manners so polished and so hospitable."

At the concluding words Amasis looked at Cephas who approved them by a nod.

"My son," said Tyrtæus to Amasis, "your narrative has made a deep impression on our hearts, as you must have perceived from our tears. The Arcadians have been much more wretched than the Gauls.* We shall never forget the reign of

* It appears as if the first state of nations was that of barbarism. We are tempted to adopt this opinion by the example of the Greeks before Orpheus, of the Arcadians under Lycaon: of the Gauls under the Druids; of the Romans prior to Numa, and of almost all the savages of America.

I am persuaded that barbarism is a malady incident to the infancy of nations, and that it is foreign to the nature of man. It is frequently nothing more than a re-action of the evils inflicted on foreign nations by their enemies. These inspire them with revenge so much the more fierce, as the constitution of their state is easy to be overturned. Thus the petty savage states of the New World reciprocally devour their prisoners of war, though the families of the same state live in perfect amity with each other. For a similar reason the weak animals are much more vindictive than the strong. The bee infixes her sting in the hand that approaches her hive; but the elephant sees the shaft of the hunter pass by him, without turning out of his way.

Barbarism is sometimes introduced into an infant society, by the individuals by whom it is joined. Such was originally that of the Roman people, partly composed of banditti, collected by Romulus, among whom the work of civilization was only begun by Numa. In other instances it is communicated, like a contagion, to a nation already polished, by the mere intercourse with its neighbors. Such was that of the Jews, who, notwithstanding the severity of their laws, sacrificed children to idols, after the example of the Canaanites.

Most frequently it is incorporated into the legislation of a people by the tyranny of a despot, as in Arcadia under

Lycaon transformed in ancient times into a wolf, as a punishment for his cruelty. But, at this late hour,

Lycaon, and still more dangerously by the influence of an aristocratic body, by which it is perpetuated for the interest of its authority, even in the ages of civilization. Such are, at the present day, the cruel religious prejudices instilled into the Indians, so gentle, by their Bramins; and those of honor into the Japanese, so polished, by their nobles.

I repeat it, for the consolation of humanity, moral as well as physical evil is foreign to man. Both originate only in deviations from the law of Nature. Nature made man good. Had she made him wicked, she, who is so consistent in her works, would have furnished him with claws, fangs, venom, some offensive weapon, such as she has given to those animals whose character it is to be ferocious. She has not even armed him with defensive weapons, like the rest of animals, but has created him the most naked and the most helpless of all, without doubt in order to oblige him to have recourse incessantly to the humanity of his fellow-creatures, and to exercise the same humanity towards them. Nature has no more made whole nations of men jealous, envious, slanderers, desiring to surpass each other, ambitious, conquerors, cannibals, than she has made any that are constantly afflicted with leprosy, fever, or small-pox. If you meet with an individual who has any of these physical disorders, you may confidently ascribe them to the bad quality of aliments he has taken, or to putridity in the air in his vicinity. In like manner, when you find barbarism in an infant nation, refer it solely to the errors of its politics, or to the influence of its neighbors, as you would the wickedness of a child to the vices of his education, or to bad example.

The course of life of a people resembles the course of life of a man, as the port of a tree resembles that of its branches.

In my text I had treated of the moral progress of societies, of barbarism, of civilization, and of corruption.

his subject would lead me too far. I thank Jupiter for having inclined you and your friend to pass to-morrow with us at Mount Lyceum. You will here see no palaces, no royal city, and still less savages and Druids; but you will find verdure, woods, streams and swains, who will give you a hearty welcome. May you long delay your departure from us! To-morrow, at the feast of Jupiter you will meet with men from all parts of Greece, and Arcadians who possess information greatly superior to mine, and who undoubtedly know the city of Argos. For my part, I must acknowledge, I never heard of the siege of Troy, nor of the glory of Agamemnon, who, as you say, is celebrated all over the world. My attention has been wholly devoted to the happiness of my family and of my neighbors. I am a stranger to every thing but meads and flocks. Never did my curiosity carry me beyond the limits of my country. Yours, which has cast you so young in the midst of foreign nations, is worthy of a god or of a king."

I had here taken a view no less important of their natural progress, their infancy, youth, manhood, and old age; but these comparisons extended far beyond the limits of an ordinary note.

To take an extensive survey, it is absolutely necessary to climb mountains, too often exposed to storms. Let us again descend to the peaceful vallies. Let us repose between the hills of Mount Lyceum, on the banks of the Achelous. If the times, the Muses, and my readers are propitious to these new Studies, my pencil and my ambition will be satisfied with delineating the meads, the woods, and the shepherdesses of happy Arcadia.

The goblet of Hercules.

Tyrtæus then turned towards his daughter, and said: "Cyanea, bring us the goblet of Hercules." Cyanea immediately rose to fetch it, and presented it to her father with a smiling air. Tyrtæus filled it with wine; then addressing himself to the two travellers, he said; "Hercules travelled like you my dear guests. He came to this hut, and rested here, while he was pursuing, for a whole year, the brazen-footed hind of Mount Erimanthus. He drank out of this cup: you are worthy to drink after him. No stranger ever drank out of it before you. I never use it but on great festivals, and never present it to any but my friends." He said, and handed the goblet to Cephas. It was of beech, and held half a gallon of wine. Hercules emptied it at a single draught; but Cephas, Amasis, and Tyrtæus, could scarcely empty it at drinking twice round.

Tyrtæus then conducted his guests to an adjoining chamber. It received light by a window with a casement of rushes, through which were perceived by moon-light the islands of the Alpheus in the adjacent plain. In this chamber were two good beds, with coverings of warm and light wool. Tyrtæus then took leave of his guests, with the wish that Morpheus would shed on them his sweetest poppies. When Amasis was alone with Cephas, he dwelt with transport on the tranquillity of the valley, on the sensibility and graces of his youthful daughter, whose equal he had never yet beheld, and of the pleasure he promised himself on the following day from the festival of Jupiter, at which he fondly expected to see a whole nation as happy as this so-

Conclusion.

itary family. In this agreeable conversation they would both have passed the night without sleeping, notwithstanding the fatigues of their journey, had they not been invited to slumber by the mild beams of the moon, which shone through the window, by the murmuring of the wind among the foliage of the poplars, and by the distant noise of the Achelous, which, at its source, rushes, roaring, from the summit of Mount Lyceum.